

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SIXPENCE.  
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THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE NATHANIEL CURZON, VICEROY-ELECT OF INDIA.  
*From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.*



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Some curious person wants to know what are the relaxations of publishers. How do they pass the time in the dead season? Why should there be a dead season in the publishing business? I am conscious of a certain irritation when I meet a publisher wearing the most negligent summer raiment, and murmuring, "Still busy, eh? Nothing doing in my line," as he sinks into the easiest chair beside a cooling drink. Why doesn't he go away and publish? I want his new books for whipping-posts, or whetstones, or pegs whereon to hang embroidery. This suspension of publication seems most irrational. The Long Vacation is another affair. I am pleased to know that lawyers are on the moors or down crevasses in the Alps; for the shutting of the Courts means a truce to mischief. It is right that people should be prevented from going to law for some months in the year. But they need not leave off reading; and many of them must get through a great deal more literature or its counterfeits in the dead season than in any other season. Besides, why should authors wait? That publisher who, under the influence of his cooling drink, has just gone to sleep in his chair has a novel or two of surpassing merit which he ought to be seeing through the press. He prefers to think there is "nothing doing," and to fold his hands like the sluggard. Another publishing friend of mine, to whom my magnanimous heart sends speechless messages of goodwill, has celebrated this festival of indolence by giving himself in marriage. I would not mind this at any other time; but he has no new books, and brides are not sent out for review!

The astute reader may suspect that I am jealous of other people's summering; but it really distresses me to see a publisher neglect his business. If he only knew it, this is the season when the reviewer is most disposed to mercy. In one of the few new books of the moment I find this hard saying—"Critics judge books not by the good that is in them, but by their faults." Evidently the author knows us only by our autumnal manner, by our winter frosts, and that nipping air we have in spring. He does not know how mild we can be in summer, in what a melting mood I turned his pages this morning. When I read this passage, "Our brilliant reputations do not occur to us till the door is closed upon us, and we are alone in the street, or, as the French would say, are coming down the stairs"—I did not, as I might have done on a day in January, snappishly observe that this social phenomenon has often been remarked. A water-cart happened to be passing, scattering a refreshing spray upon the monotonous wood pavement, and I thought, "How sweet and fragrant a thing it is, dear brethren, to water our common-places in unity!" That, I take it, is the ideal mood for the reviewer; but instead of seizing so genial an opportunity for the benefit of their wares, one publisher is snoozing in the club, and another is cultivating matrimony!

This summer temperature, I fear, excites forebodings in the minds of the aged. At the Mausoleum (a famous club which I am sometimes privileged to enter) there is a dread amongst the oldest members that the spacious hall with its fine pillars and its busts of departed statesmen, may be desecrated by the revelry of juniors. So far, the agitation for turning the hall into a smoking-saloon, and murdering its noble stillness with the popping of corks, has been thwarted by the devoted band of ancients. But the gloom of the inevitable presses heavily upon them. Even the busts seem to feel it, for I noticed lately what appeared to be a new wart on the cheek of Cromwell. The old members, in twos and threes, sit round the hall after dinner, keeping guard against the irruption of Goths with cigars and glasses. I found one of them breathing stertorously, and rolling up the whites of his eyes. "Shall I get you a little brandy?" I asked. "Certainly not," he said, clutching my arm. "There must be no drinking in this hall! I fell off to sleep just now, and had a frightful—I fear, a prophetic dream. I thought this hall was full of lights and noise and dancing figures—a regular casino, begad! They were all at it, old and young!" "Not the busts, I hope!" "Cromwell and Gladstone tried to keep order by starting a hymn, but Brougham was leading a quadrille, and Palmerston offered me brandy. Yes, when you woke me up, I thought you were old Pam!" I deprecated this honour. "But it will come," said this pessimist, with a sad shake of the head. "I always feel it is bound to come in the hot weather. Young men want to smoke and drink here because it is cool. It will soon be no place for me. Nor for you either," he said to the bust of Cromwell. I believe that symbol of austerity will be missing some day, and that it will be found in company with the old member's lifeless body.

Is it another concession to the enervating languor of the season that an enterprising economist is advocating the abolition of thrift? If I understand his argument, it is that we ought not to save. The frugal mind is a public danger, because it limits the market for the producer's industry. Our duty to the general commerce is to consume as much as we can, and not hoard against

a rainy day. When a citizen has proved his patriotism by spending every shilling, let the State reward him with a pension. What a blessed gospel for the man who has never been able to keep a severe eye on his dissolute pence in order that the self-respecting pounds may not desert him! Thrift is the enemy; to be a spendthrift is to serve the commonweal! It is a great idea, especially when the thermometer is over 80 deg.! But man is an ungrateful animal; and even when he has a gospel like this he will turn heretic! Suppose that the money he must spend without restraint has first to be earned? I wish to dispense amongst our native industries the princely income I derive from these columns; but why should I write them? I have put this home question to my editor without getting any satisfactory response. "Have you considered," I said to him, "the debt we all owe to the eminent financier recently before the Courts?" He looked alarmed. "You don't mean to say that you have had a cheque from Mr. Ho—!" "You misunderstand me," I interposed with dignity; "I allude to something he is said to have done for the common good." "Bless me, what can that be?" "I am told that he has solved the problem of the soda-water bottle by making it stand upright. Hitherto that vessel has reclined in an unseemly manner upon artificial supports; now it stands, like a monument of temperance, on its own bottom. There has been nothing like it since Columbus and the egg! Now, I want you to pay me for sitting and contemplating this masterpiece of pure intellect instead of writing about it, and then I will go out and make glad the heart of some producer."

The sequel convinced me that I have no luck as a pioneer of economic truth. Vainly I offered an I.O.U., payable by the State out of the pension which is to come to me when the country can make up its mind to spend ever so many millions a year to endow every one of us with five shillings a week. This system will be no respecter of persons. Aristocracy will not be allowed to give itself airs of superiority to the common dole. The peer and the pauper will each receive his crown on Friday. It is to this great end that we must minister now by spending without stint, so that the industries of the country may be rich enough to support us when we are sixty-five. Put all your pennies in the national slot, and out will come that comfortable pension of thirteen pounds a year! I fear dissatisfied people will say that such a reward for the open hand is not stimulating. A beneficent peer may give his five shillings away. Eminent financiers will scatter their crowns among the grateful populace on their way to see the Official Receiver. The Old Age Pension Investment Company (with a Duke or two in the prospectus) will undertake to make your five shillings multiply itself over and over again. But, in spite of these advantages, I question whether thirteen pounds a year, as a State recognition of a lifetime of civic duty, will encourage many citizens to abandon the habit of thrift to the passion of patriotic extravagance. It is a poor temptation to be a prodigal that so lean a calf is to be killed for you in the sixties. Besides, where is the charm of being a prodigal at all if this is the way to show your public spirit?

I suppose it is thoughts like these that make the Londoner so serious. An American in London writes to me: "I wish you would tell me what is gone with the frolicsome humour I brought here from my native land. You are real white men in this city, but you are powerful sad, and that tells on the stranger till he feels he might as well be an owl. Out at Colorado Springs I was the most buoyant man in the country. Here I don't buy worth a cent! My friends called me Laughing Willie. I've got no more laugh in me now than a mummy! The first stroke of business I did here I was so pleased with that I wanted to tell the other man the story of the tin-roofed cocktail. You should have seen his face! He said he didn't listen to stories in business hours! I went to a club, a regular palace, magnificent hall, full of busts, and I said, 'I must tell somebody that story or I shall die!' There was an old gentleman on a settee, and I said, 'Have you ever heard the story of the tin-roofed cocktail?' He looked fierce. 'Am I right in supposing that a cocktail is a drink?' 'You are, old man, you are!' I said: 'you may bet every dollar on it!' And I had just started a real live laugh when he spoiled everything with, 'Then you mustn't talk about drinks in this hall!' Snakes and Injuns! How can I ever laugh again? I won't tell you the story of the tin-roofed cocktail, for you'd never put it in!' Certainly not! This column, like the hall of the Mausoleum, is no place for drinks.

But my correspondent's grievance is real enough. There is a kill-joy solemnity in our fine island decorum. We cannot even discuss holiday recreations without an awful sense of responsibility. Some people have been gravely asking what are the best books for holiday reading, as if nobody could set out for the sea or the mountains without a portmanteau full of improving volumes. Never take a book on a holiday, but trust to chance for this entertainment when you want it. I have found the quaintest reading in foreign hotels, notably at Zermatt and Fontainebleau; and not long ago, in a ramshackle English inn, I spent a blissful evening among the curiosities of an old bookcase, dipping into "Cranford" and "David Copperfield," and some noble blood-and-thunder about the Bastille.

## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, who stays at Osborne till the end of August and then goes to Balmoral, was visited last week by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and the Duke and Duchess of York. The Prince of Wales, on board the royal yacht *Osborne*, leaves Cowes for Weymouth and the coast of the West of England; but recovery of the use of his injured limb may enable him to go to Homburg.

Since the prorogation of Parliament on Friday almost all the Cabinet Ministers have left London. Lord Salisbury has gone to Contrexéville, a charming retreat in the Vosges Mountains, a "nest of verdure," as it has been called, patronised every year by the élite of cosmopolitan society. Its most famous spring is the "Pavillon," celebrated for its medicinal properties.

The seat for the Southport Division of Lancashire, made vacant by the appointment of Mr. G. N. Curzon to be Viceroy of India, is contested by Lord Skelmersdale, eldest son of the Earl of Lathom, for the Conservative party; and for the Liberals by Sir H. Naylor-Leyland.

Mr. John Gordon, Q.C., and Major Sharman Crawford have been mentioned as probable candidates for the constituency of North Down, rendered vacant by the death of Colonel Waring.

The text of Mr. Chamberlain's despatch in reference to the invitation of the New Zealand Parliament to the Duke and Duchess of York to visit the colony has been received by the latest Australian mail. The Colonial Secretary states that her Majesty is prevented by age from taking part in public functions, and "in the uncertainty of life, the Queen feels that she dare not consent to a Prince so close to the throne leaving her for a long period of time and making a voyage to a distant part of the world." At the same time the Duke, through Mr. Chamberlain, communicated to the Parliament the warm thanks of himself and the Duchess.

Grouse-shooting began on Friday on the moors of England and Scotland under very favourable conditions, and with good promise of sport.

Boating and bathing accidents in several places of the seacoast, and on the lakes and rivers, have been reported. Five young women were drowned on Friday by the upsetting of a boat on Derwentwater. At Morthoe, near Ilfracombe, North Devon, a daughter of Sir Walter Foster, M.P., was drowned while bathing, by a suddenly rising wave.

A museum of antiquities for the Isle of Wight, in the gatehouse of Carisbrooke Castle, was opened by Princess Henry of Battenberg on Aug. 11, as a memorial of her late husband, who was Governor of the island. The Duke of Connaught and Lord Tennyson assisted at this ceremony.

The military manœuvres commencing on Friday this week, over an area extending forty-eight miles in Wiltshire and Dorsetshire, with 53,000 troops and nearly 250 guns, formed in two opposing armies, respectively commanded by the Duke of Connaught, or Salisbury Plain, and by General Sir Redvers Buller, at Wareham, are upon a scale larger than has yet been seen in England. Each division comprises a due proportion of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, with engineers, army service corps, and medical staff, capable of independent movements, which are likely to have much strategic interest. Sir Redvers Buller, with his complete staff, took command at Wareham on Tuesday. The troops and establishment at Aldershot have been removed to the neighbourhood of Salisbury for their employment in these manœuvres, which are under the direction of Lord Wolseley, the Commander-in-Chief.

The statistical reports of the Labour Department of the Board of Trade for the month of July show good employment in all trades, industries, and districts, except those affected by the South Wales collieries strike, and a slight advance in the rates of weekly wages. There were but few other disputes, which were settled by amicable compromise.

The London Scottish Rifle Volunteers have returned from a successful and agreeable excursion to their native country, having been handsomely entertained by the civic authorities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Perth; they also marched through the Trossachs into the romantic Highland region, under command of Captain Grant.

The town of Maidstone is about to receive a considerable benefaction from the will of the late Mr. Samuel Benthif, a boot-manufacturer, who has left £56,000, partly for an art gallery, partly for scholarships, hospital nursing, and small annuities to poor aged persons of good character at Maidstone.

The outlook in the Far East is again somewhat disquieting. The proposed visit of H.M.S. *Powerful* to Java has been cancelled, and H.M.S. *Barfleur*, which was to have undergone extensive repairs, will not be docked for the present. H.M.S. *Blenheim*, which brought out the *Barfleur*'s new crew, will remain on the Eastern station.

On his electioneering progress through Cape Colony, Mr. Rhodes has met with an enthusiastic reception. His journey from Kimberley to Port Elizabeth was like a triumph, all the stations being decorated. At Port Elizabeth he was conveyed by torchlight to the meeting at the town hall. At Piquetburg the Rhodesites have scored heavily in the election of Mr. de Waal.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, on his way from Russia to Vienna, has visited the Prince of Montenegro, who entertained him with a distinguished reception at Cetinje.

It is stated that Russia has acquired a site for a naval station on the African coast of the Red Sea, between Assab and the French station of Obok.

Continental tourists have been made uneasy by some bad railway disasters. In the Givoli tunnel, near Genoa, nine persons were killed on Aug. 11 by a collision of a passenger-train with a goods-train. In France, on Sunday, there were two serious accidents on the railways of Normandy. Near Lisieux, a train was crushed by running off the rails; seven people were killed, and more than forty injured.



## A FAMOUS COUNTY CRICKET CLUB.

To read the "Annals of the West Kent Cricket Club" (compiled by Philip Norman and published by Eyre and Spottiswoode) is almost as good a recreation as spending a day upon the ground of that old-established club. A match is, as it were, in progress, and there is some good cricket to be witnessed, but we find an opportunity during the afternoon to slip into the pavilion and examine the records and portraits upon its walls. That fine painting by G. F. Watts is a portrait of Mr. G. W. Norman, first secretary of the club. He died fifteen years ago, at the age of ninety, having taken cold whilst watching a club match. He remembered the game in a more primitive form, and it was curious to hear him discourse on the improvements that had followed the introduction of a third stump. Yonder, again, are the framed time-faint score-sheets, whereon semi-mythical heroes and giants like Lord Frederick Beauclerk, Felix, and Alfred Mynn appear in the company of men of merely local celebrity ("Lord Frederick was one of us," says a member proudly). Fine players they were too, apparently, some of these locals, and capable of making "long hands" when the better-known men failed. They are dust now, these sturdy yemen, but their records remain the glory of the club.

One or two names are known to the greater world. These two Grotes who figure among the original members (temp. 1814) are the historian of Greece and his father. Neither was a great cricketer or even a good player of the second class, but both were wonderfully keen. There was no unbending at a game of cricket for them.

From the pavilion we pass out into the sunshine to take another look at the match in progress, and congratulate our hosts that the club still holds its own with the best. It is as pleasant to sit out in the sun and cheer the good strokes as it was when West Kent was a thorn in the side of Marylebone, and freshly painted wagons, decorated with green boughs, rumbled along dusty country lanes, bringing florid-looking, well-to-do farmers with their buxom wives and pretty blushing daughters to participate in the victory which the county was sure to gain, and get all the enjoyment they could from the pleasant country outing. When the stumps are drawn for the day we regretfully bid good-bye to the West Kent Cricket Club, thanking them for the pleasure we have derived from their company, and wishing them the best of form and fortune. It is to Mr. Philip Norman that our thanks are more particularly due. It was entirely owing to him that the outside public were admitted to intimacy with the West Kent Cricket Club. He felt that the records and associations of the club were of more than local interest. We are waiting now for some other of the historic clubs to entertain us in the same way.

The get-up of the book is sumptuous. It is a treat to see cricket scores surrounded by such noble margins. Altogether, the West Kent Cricket Club has scored heavily, and their total is augmented by "extras" in the shape of interesting wood-cuts and snap-shots.

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Oswestry .. ..	8.30	Leamington .. ..	8.30
Shrewsbury .. ..	8.35	Oxford .. ..	8.35
Wolverhampton (Low Level) ..	8.40	Reading (G.W.R.) SHIP .. ..	8.40
Birmingham (G.W.R.) .. ..	8.45	Folkestone (Harbour) (Steamer) ..	8.45
Leamington .. ..	8.50	Boulogne .. ..	8.50
Oxford .. ..	8.55	Brussels (Mid.) .. ..	8.55
Reading (G.W.R.) SHIP .. ..	9.00		
Folkestone (Harbour) (Steamer) ..	9.05		
Boulogne .. ..	9.10		
Brussels (Mid.) .. ..	9.15		

Passengers are at liberty to break their journey at Folkestone, Boulogne, and Amiens. Return Tickets are available either via London or Reading, but Passengers travelling from the Continent by the above service via Reading proceed without break of journey or change of carriage. Passengers for Canterbury, Dover, Margate, Hastings, and other Stations on the South-Eastern Railway, can be booked through from Stations at which the 7.55 a.m. train from Liverpool calls, but change at Reading, thus avoiding the inconvenience of crossing London.

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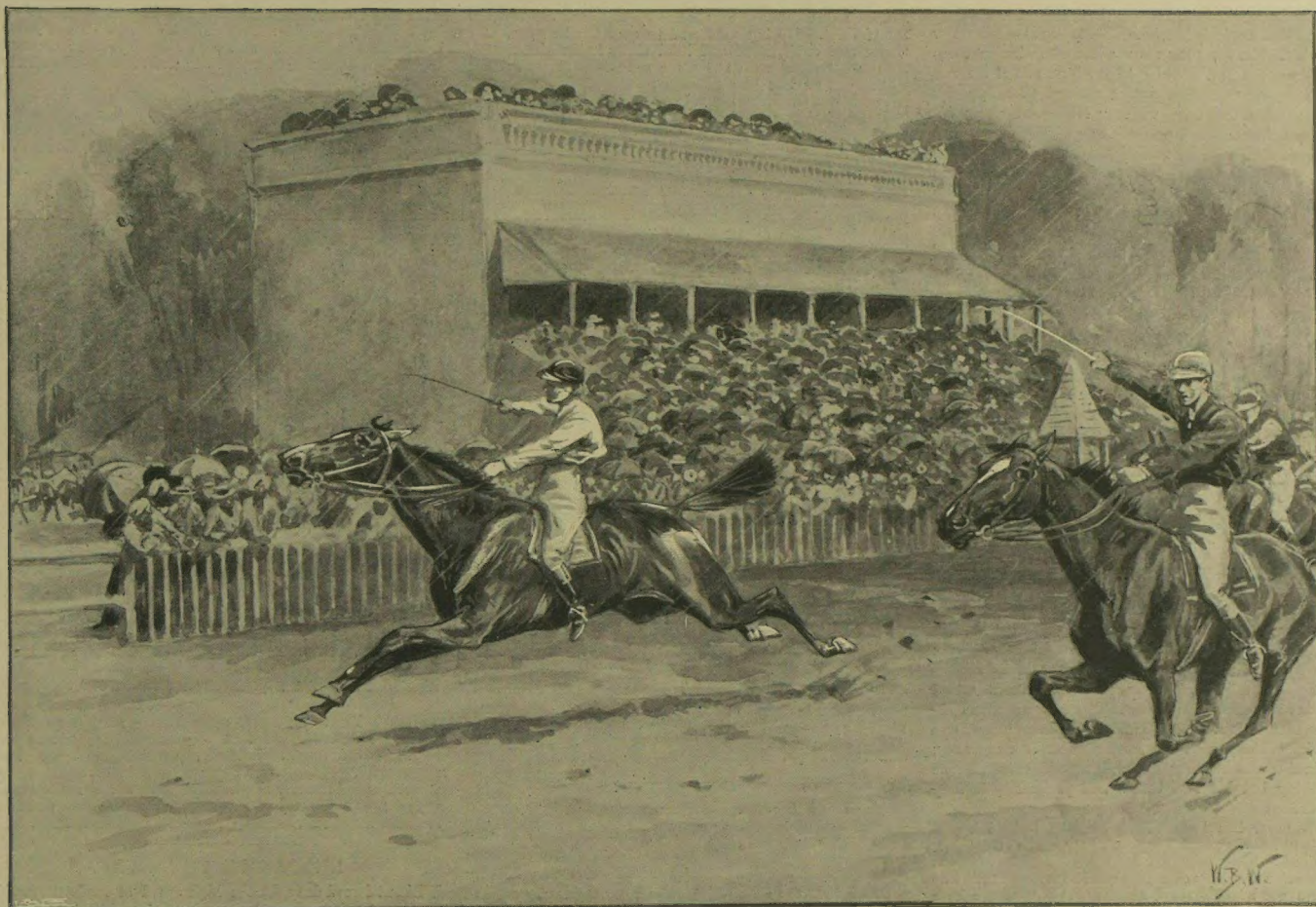
Imperial Japanese Troops, American Light Cavalry, and the Rialla Napoli Troops.





UNDER FORCED DRAUGHT: HEROES IN THE HOLD.





THE CALCUTTA MONSOON RACES, JULY 16.



THE FLEET SPORTS AT MALTA: A SEVEN-POUNDER FIELD-GUN OBSTACLE RACE.

*Drawn by A. Gascoigne Wildey, Staff Surgeon, H.M.S. "Cruiser."*



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS HIM.

The worst that anybody has been able to say about the new Viceroy is that he is a little too "superior" in his manner; and perhaps even that would not have been said if a smart Oxford epigrammatist had not discovered that Superior Person rhymed handily with "Nathaniel Curzon." Humanity is impatient of perfection; and Mr. Curzon has always been such a blameless and finished specimen of the virtuous young statesman—*totus teres atque rotundus*—that one fastens readily upon his weakness. Happy the public man who can satisfy hostile criticism so cheaply! But the slight reproach is hardly deserved by its object. Mr. Curzon is not one whit more conceited than thousands of people who have not a tenth of his ability, and are never likely to attain a hundredth part of his success. He is, *au fond*, unassuming and modest, and not at all anxious to obtrude his serene superiority over his fellow creatures. It is true that in dealing with those same inferior mortals he sometimes exhibits a characteristic with which many clever men are burdened, though the cleverest conceal it. He cannot suffer fools gladly, and he is a trifle too ready to discern folly and obtuseness where these qualities do not exist. He has an intellectual impatience of triviality and mere commonplace slow-going dullness. Thus he is wearied by the parochial unimportance of party politics, and the necessity of explaining the details of complicated affairs to men ignorant of their very elements sometimes annoys him, as one might suppose it would annoy a Rodin or a Gilbert to have to vindicate the execution of a marble masterpiece five nights a week to an audience of tobaccoists. Mr. Curzon is himself so much of an expert that he is intolerant of the shallowness of the amateur who is too indolent to get up his subjects thoroughly. There was never a greater mistake than to suppose, as some people did when Mr. Curzon's brilliant figure first beamed above the political horizon, that he is either superficial or flippant. His airy manner conceals as much resolute purpose and indomitable industry as over animated any grim lad from a Scottish University, determined to rise in the world, and knowing well that he had nothing but his own brains and pertinacity to help him in the ascent.

Mr. Curzon has been called by everybody lately a favourite of fortune; and it is true that Fate has been very kind to him. She made him the son of a peer, which is still a comfortable way of starting life in England. She gave him good looks, good stature (how seldom does a small man succeed in impressing the House of Commons!), an agreeable voice, a fluent easy mode of speaking, an attractive address, a retentive memory, and the talent for acquiring information rapidly. From the beginning he was marked out as one who must do great things in the world. He gained a reputation at Eton, and improved it at Balliol. The famous College was in its palmiest days in the later 'seventies and early 'eighties. Its undergraduates

But Mr. Curzon has not been content to leave the management of his career to Fortune. He has taken immense pains to qualify himself for the business of Imperial administration. He might have spent his leisure in dallying in Belgravian salons and agreeable country-houses, and waited till events floated him comfortably into the Cabinet. He has preferred to earn his honours. By travel and exploration and hard study he worked up the Asiatic Question, with the same sedulous labour as that which gained him the Lothian prize and his All Souls' fellowship at Oxford. For a busy Parliamentary politician and fashionable young aristocrat to have produced three solid, substantial books, packed with geographical and statistical information, before he is forty, is a sufficiently creditable achievement. But Mr. Curzon was not satisfied with being born into the "governing class." He determined to vindicate his right to belong to it. He has had his reward, and he has deserved it. If an earnest and sustained effort to master the great problems of statesmanship, and the acquisition of a mass of knowledge on Oriental affairs, are qualifications for an Indian Viceroy, Mr. Curzon should do well at Calcutta and Simla.

It remains to be seen whether he has the personal aptitudes for the position of a great Proconsul. But the signs point to his success in the trying and pregnant years which lie before him. He has youth, talent, industry, an attractive personality, and a charming and accomplished wife, who will wear the viceregal coronet like a queen. Something more than all this is needed for one who would be in the line of Hastings and Dalhousie and Dufferin and Mayo. Does Mr. Curzon possess that force of character and that firmness in the face of danger, difficulty, and divided counsels, which are called for in a ruler of India? Time will show. But if a man's past is any clue to his future, the new Viceroy will not be unequal to the inspiring duties and responsibilities of his splendid office.

## THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

We continue our Special Artist's illustrations of the closing hostilities in the recent war. Peace between Spain and the United States of America was happily concluded last week. The official protocol was signed at Washington on Friday by Mr. W. Day, the American Secretary of State, and M. Cambon, the French Ambassador, having plenipotentiary powers from the Spanish Government. Its articles are the renunciation of all sovereignty of Cuba, the cession of Puerto Rico, and of an island in the Ladrone Archipelago, as well as all the small Spanish islands in the West Indies, to the United States Government, with immediate removal of all Spanish troops, and the temporary American occupation of Manila; while the future administration or control of the Philippines is to be settled by a definitive treaty. There will be joint commissioners to arrange this in October at Paris. All hostilities in Cuba and Puerto Rico have now been stopped, and the ports are freed from the naval blockade. The last fighting was on Friday at Manzanillo, and a few shots exchanged between the Havana forts or batteries and the American cruisers, besides a skirmish of troops at Coama, in Puerto Rico, on the same day. Manila surrendered to Admiral Dewey on Saturday. Marshal Blanco has resigned his command in Cuba, and General Augusti has quitted Manila, arriving at Hong-Kong in a German steamer. Cuba is to be relieved of the army of 126,000 soldiers, who will be landed at Corunna, Santander, or Vigo, northern ports of Spain. General Shafter's army, of which 3000 men are invalided, will now return to the United States as quickly as they can be removed. Some of them have been received at Montauk, in Long Island. America's war expenditure is estimated at £30,000,000, up to the present time. Both the nations engaged have given hearty thanks to the French Government for its friendly mediation.

## ADMIRAL CERVERA'S CAPTIVITY.

On July 16 the United States gun-boat *Standish* entered Annapolis Roads with Admiral Cervera and his officers on board. The prisoners, who had many of them lost their apparel in their last gallant but hopeless dash for liberty at Santiago, presented a motley appearance: some wore American uniforms, others their own, or parts of the same; some were without collars; but all, despite these disadvantages of costume, were distinguished by the unmistakable dignity and refinement of the Don. Admiral Cervera himself, wearing a blue single-breasted coat and a black hat, might have been taken for a retired merchant. The gallant Admiral was accommodated in a house fronting the parade-ground of the Naval Academy, a pleasant residence,

built half a century ago, and commanding a charming view of the harbour. There many of the most notable American naval officers have found a home. Outside the house looks dingy, but within it is exquisitely appointed. Admiral Cervera's own room is all that the most fastidious taste could desire. Everything has been done to render his captivity tolerable. His son and staff of five officers had permission to reside with him, and his personal comfort in an important department is looked after by the ablest *chef* of the Academy.

Close to Admiral Cervera's quarters is the residence of the Commandant of the Academy. A stone's-throw further on the rest of the Spanish officers found an equally agreeable prison in the pleasant houses of



A ROOM IN ADMIRAL CERVERA'S QUARTERS AT ANNAPOLIS.

Stripling Row. Outward appearance of bondage there is none; but for all that a guard of forty marines is at hand day and night, while every gate has its sentinel. The Spanish officers have, however, leave to wander about the city at pleasure, and the fashionable and very exclusive society of Annapolis was pleased to awaken from its usual summer torpor to entertain the visitors.

## HEROES IN THE HOLD.

Without forced draught the high speed of modern vessels for naval warfare could never have been attained. The stoke-room, except when the furnace-doors are open, has become, comparatively speaking, quite a comfortable place: much more so than was the case in an ocean liner of the older pattern. The air is admitted by the ventilators, in which are one or more powerful fans, into the stoke-room, which acts as an air-chamber. The greater the speed, the more revolutions the fan attains; and in the same ratio a greater supply of air is obtained: from 400 to 600 revolutions per minute, at a speed of thirty-four miles an hour, is about the average. The feeling of the furnace with fuel is the trying part of the work for the stokers. The heat and glare as soon as the furnace-door is opened is tremendous. One man holds the furnace-door and opens it quickly; another stoker, ready with a shovelful of coal, throws it in as rapidly as he can; the other man shutting the door as soon as possible. This is done after every shovelful. The head stoker looks into the furnace through a purple-coloured glass in a wooden frame, and directs the feeding-stoker where to put the fuel. Without this screen he could not see where the distribution is defective. Spectacles with coloured glass are sometimes worn by the stokers, the great glare and heat affecting the eyes most woefully; but the glasses become so intensely hot that the men can hardly wear them. During action, when shells rain on a vessel, the stoke-room is the abode of staunch and silent heroes.

## THE CALCUTTA MONSOON RACES.

The first Calcutta monsoon meeting was held on Saturday, July 16, before a large assemblage of spectators. Unfortunately the weather was anything but propitious, rain descending in torrents, and turning the course into a vast swamp, through which the horses had simply to wade. Two unfortunate upsets in the third and fifth races were no doubt due to the heavy going. As far as fields went the meeting was a success, and there were one or two exciting finishes, particularly in the second race, the Trial Hurdle, between Goodwood and Saucepan, the former beating the latter at the post by a bare half length. The stewards' arrangements were excellent, and only weather was wanting to have made the meeting most enjoyable.

## THE FLEET SPORTS AT MALTA.

During the recent fleet sports at Malta one of the most interesting and exciting events was the seven-pounder field-gun obstacle contest. In order to get the gun over all the obstacles, the weapon and its carriage had to be taken to pieces, all the parts being reunited before the winning-post was reached. This difficult feat was accomplished with startling speed and precision. The competition was by time, each squad of twelve taking the field in turn. This year victory fell to the crew from H.M.S. *Cruiser*, who won principally from the fact that the gun itself was carried by one man. All the other competing crews told off two men to this particular service, with consequent loss of power and speed.



HOUSE IN WHICH ADMIRAL CERVERA RESIDED DURING HIS CAPTIVITY AT ANNAPOLIS.

included a contingent of young men of much more than average ability, who were deliberately preparing themselves to play a conspicuous part in public life. Many of them have already justified their early promise. Sir Alfred Milner, Mr. Brodrick, Sir Arthur Hardinge, Mr. W. H. Grenfell, Sir Savile Crossley, Mr. Rennell Rodd, and Sir Edward Grey were among Mr. Curzon's contemporaries, or his seniors or juniors by a few years. But the future of none of these ambitious youths was accepted with more implicit confidence than that of young Curzon. There were doubts about others; about him there were none. That he would "arrive" was regarded as certain; the only question was when and how. His smooth and easy progress continued when he left the University. London society received the handsome young orator with open arms; the Conservative leaders were anxious to welcome him into their innermost circle. A private secretaryship to Lord Salisbury was waiting for him; a seat in Parliament followed, and a place in the Ministry. No one is surprised to find him at thirty-nine in the most magnificent position under the Crown.



## PERSONAL.

Lord Balcarras, who has taken such an active part in the South Kensington Museum investigations, has practically been brought up in a museum atmosphere; for his father, the Earl of Crawford, who presides at the majority-meeting of the Library Association this week, has been in turn an astronomer and a bibliophile. His library at Haigh Hall, Wigan, is in many respects unique.

Parliament may be an exhausting place, but it has not had a bad effect on Mr. Graham Murray; for after the prorogation he set out on his bicycle for Lord Hopetoun's place at Linlithgow, wheeling along the grand old coach-road to the North.

It will come as a surprise to most people to learn that the parents of Mr. Coningsby Disraeli are still alive. Yet they celebrated the thirty-ninth anniversary of their wedding on Monday at Hnghenden. Mr. Disraeli, who is ninety-one years of age, was the second of the three sons of old Isaac Disraeli, the delightful literary gossip. Neither the future Earl of Beaconsfield, the eldest, nor James, the youngest son, who was a Commissioner in the Inland Revenue, left issue, so that Hnghenden came to Coningsby, the son of the second son, Ralph.

Colonel John Hay, who has been recalled from the Court of St. James's to fill the office of Secretary of State at Washington, has been just seventeen months Ambassador to this country. By early training a barrister, he practised for a time in the Supreme Court of Illinois, but abandoned the legal profession to become secretary to President Lincoln, serving at the same time in the field as aide-de-camp with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. His first diplomatic appointment was as Secretary to the Legation and Chargé d'Affaires in Paris. Subsequently he held the same offices in Vienna and Madrid, and returned to America to act as First Assistant-Secretary of State under President Hayes. Before his appointment to London he had spent several years removed from active political life, but was always an influential personality. His literary bent has brought him considerable reputation, the large humanity of his "Pike County Ballads" having made his name familiar not only in America but in England. During his official residence in London, Colonel Hay has knitted yet closer to himself the friends he already had, and has added many others to the number. While everyone "on this side" must congratulate him on his promotion, there is none but would wish his stay among us prolonged.



Photo Bell, Washington.  
THE HON. JOHN HAY,  
New Secretary of State at Washington.

The Lord Mayor of London has been made an officer of the Legion of Honour, as a tribute to the interest that the Corporation took in the recent Exhibition at the Guildhall.

The grandson of the watchmaker Naundorff who claimed to be the legitimate descendant of Louis XVI., and who was acknowledged as such by William III. of Holland, has just been sentenced to four months' imprisonment in a Dutch fortress. He joined the Dutch army; then deserted to France; and after finding some persons who believed him to be a real Bourbon, he set up as a wine-merchant. He will get no wine for some time.

Colonel Waring, M.P. for North Down, whose sudden death occurred on Aug. 12, was the eldest son of the late Major Waring, of Waringstown. Born in 1828, Colonel Waring was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He took his degree in 1850, and in 1852 was called to the Irish Bar, where he practised for five years. In that year he gave up active legal work and became Captain in the Royal South Down Militia, a regiment which he subsequently commanded. Colonel Waring was sprung of an old county family, long resident in County Down. With his tenants he was justly popular on account of his generosity and kindness as a landlord. His election to represent the North Down constituency took place in 1885. He held the seat continuously until his death. Among other offices, Colonel Waring held those of Deputy-Lieutenant of Down, magistrate for Armagh, and Grand Master of the Orange Institution in England. He was also a prominent Freemason. Colonel Waring's death took place at the family residence, Waringstown, near Lurgan.

Mr. Friedrich Jeppe, the first Postmaster-General of the Transvaal, who has just died at the age of sixty-five, was a notable figure in the kingdom of Oom Paul. Over

and above his political services he did much to elucidate the history of the Transvaal, and he was an enthusiastic geographer.

Colonel E. T. H. Hutton, Aide-de-Camp to the Queen, has been appointed to command the troops of the Dominion of Canada, vice Major-General Gascoigne, resigned.



Photo Freeman, Sydney.  
COLONEL E. T. H. HUTTON, C.B.,  
To Command the Dominion Troops, Canada.

received the thanks of the Government of New South Wales, and the appointment of Honorary Colonel of the Mounted Rifles in return for his services.

Two British Consuls, both, curiously enough, stationed at points of vital interest in the recent war—Manila and Santiago de Cuba—have passed away within a few days of each other. On Aug. 2 Mr. Edward Henry Rawson Walker died at Manila. He had been thirty-six years in the Consular Service. His official career began in 1862, at Massowah, where he was left in charge for six months. In the same year he was appointed Vice-Consul at Tripoli,

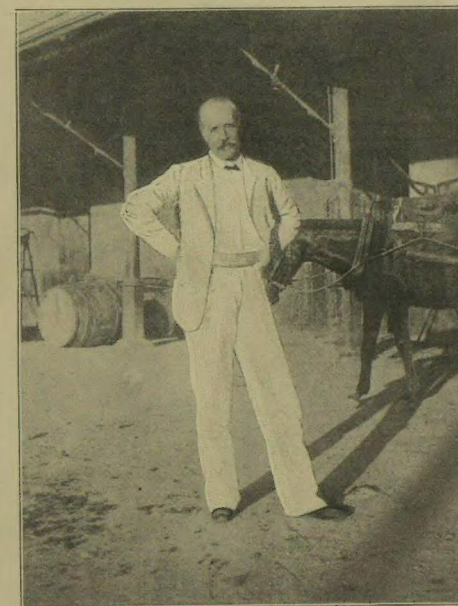


Photo by his son.  
THE LATE MR. FREDERICK WOLLASTON RAMSDEN,  
British Consul at Santiago de Cuba.

where he was twice Acting Consul-General for some months. He was subsequently Consul at Cagliari, Pernambuco, and Corunna; and in 1893 took office at Charleston, U.S.A. Only three months ago Mr. Rawson Walker was appointed Consul for the Philippines, and during the war he rendered distinguished service to British residents and British interests.

On Aug. 10 Mr. Frederick Wollaston Ramsden, British Consul for Santiago de Cuba, died at Kingston, Jamaica, whither he had gone for his health only five days before. Mr. Ramsden was appointed Consul in 1888, having previously filled the offices of Secretary to the Consulate and Vice-Consul. During the time when Martinez Campos was Captain-General of Cuba, Mr. Ramsden was instrumental in saving the Cuban patriot Maceo from imprisonment. Throughout the recent war Mr. Ramsden had been unremitting in his labours, and may be said to have died a martyr to duty. Illness and overwork had so far reduced him that the change to Jamaica came too late to be of service.

Mr. G. R. Sims so rarely takes his "call" on a first night that his appearance in front of the curtain at the end of "The Dandy Fifth," at the Duke of York's Theatre, on Monday evening, deserves to be noticed. Mr. Sims has written a rollicking comic melodrama (if that be possible), set to music by Mr. C. C. Corri. The "Dandy Fifth" is the name of the 5th Lancers, stationed at Southsea. The story centres round an heiress, Kate Lorrimer, who is wooed by the peppery Colonel of the Dandies and is won by a gentleman ranker. As an offset, Mr. Sims tells the love story of a trio in humbler life, and awards Polly Green (barmaid) to simple Trooper Brown (cockney) instead of to Sergeant-Major Milligan (Irishman). There is so much that is kindly in Mr. Sims's outlook that he manages to put everybody in a good humour, his interpreters and his audience alike. Mr. Scott Russell, recently a member of the Savoy Theatre, makes a

great hit as the tenor. Mr. Edward Lewis is very amusing as the cockney trooper; and Mr. Harry Cole shows a genuine sense of individual humour as the pompous sergeant-major. Many of the songs will become popular, for they have a great amount of "go" about them, and are far more suitable for inclusion in an anthology of soldiers' songs than half the ditties that Mr. Charles Williams has recently collected for Messrs. Routledge. Mr. Frank Gordyn, one of the managers of the new opera, is a brother of the present Postmaster of Chicago.

Comte d'Aunay, late ex-Resident of Cairo, who has been elected a Senator of the Nièvre, used to be attached to the French Embassy to the Court of St. James's. He was rather badly treated by M. Casimir-Périer, who removed him from the post of Minister at Copenhagen. His wife (a daughter of Colonel Burden, the inventor of the rifle) is a sister of Mrs. Marion Crawford.

The ingenious American who made a collection of death-masks will not be able to add that of Bismarck, for the family declined to allow one to be taken. The Prince's hat-maker, however, states that while Bismarck's head was only 59½ centimetres wide fifty years ago, it had increased in later years to 62 centimetres.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has offered the Bishopric of Mauritius to the Rev. Walter Ruthven Pym, M.A., who has accepted the office. Mr. Pym is Vicar of Rotherham, where he has been since 1893, and Rural Dean. He is well known for his energetic services to the cause of elementary education and Church extension. In 1879 Mr. Pym took his degree at Magdalen College, Cambridge, and was ordained the following year in the diocese of Manchester. He served first as curate at Lytham and St. John, Miles Platting, and was thereafter preferred to the vicarage of Wentworth, Yorkshire, and to the vicarage of St. Andrew, Sheffield. In 1883 Mr. Pym was appointed domestic chaplain to Earl Fitzwilliam, a post he still holds. In the Bishopric of Mauritius he succeeds Bishop Walsh, just appointed to Dover.

The United States Commissioners who will arrange the evacuation of Cuba are General James F. Wade, General Matthew C. Butler, and Admiral Sampson. For the settlement of affairs regarding Puerto Rico Mr. McKinley has appointed General John R. Brooke, General William W. Gordon, and Admiral Schley.

Mr. Ritchie, President of the Board of Trade, has embarked on the Trinity yacht *Irene* for a cruise of inspection of the Scottish lights. He is accompanied by some of the Northern Lights Commissioners in their yacht.

A District Council in North London has by a large majority decided that the members be supplied with post-cards, of course at the public charges, whereon they may inscribe reports of ill-burning street lamps and the like. Only two members were found to oppose the proposal—one from the public-spirited conviction that surely members could find a post-card to report a grievance; the other from a fear that they might find something to send a post-card about by every post. The avenues of humorous speculation thus opened seemed endless. To what amount, for instance, will post-cards be issued to individual members, and how will their use be regulated?

The late Captain J. R. B. Sergeant, who died at Lundi Kotal on Aug. 1, was thirty-five years of age. He had seen active service in the Burmese Expedition of 1885, and ten years later was with the Chitral Relief Force. His services at the storming of the Malakand Pass were mentioned in despatches.

Another Crimean veteran has gone in the person of Major-General Thomas Lynden-Bell, who entered the Army in 1850, and distinguished himself at the fall of Sebastopol. He afterwards served in Ireland during the Fenian troubles of 1867, and went throughout the Hazara Campaign of 1868, and the subsequent fighting in the Black Mountain.

The virtue of combining example with precept is certainly not neglected by the Bishop of Bath and Wells. His Lordship, who, as is well known, is a strong advocate of swimming (a not inappropriate hobby considering the name of his diocese) has been camping out with his detachment of the Church Lads Brigade at Dawlish, and frequently led the lads in aquatic exercise. The Bishop shared a tent with his brother-in-law, Colonel Fergusson.



Photo Army and Navy Auxiliary.  
THE LATE CAPTAIN J. R. B. SERGEANT.

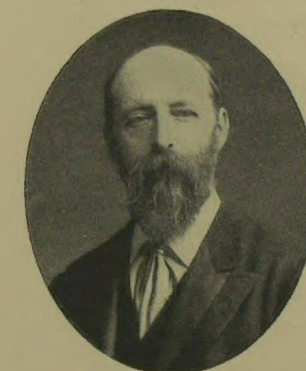
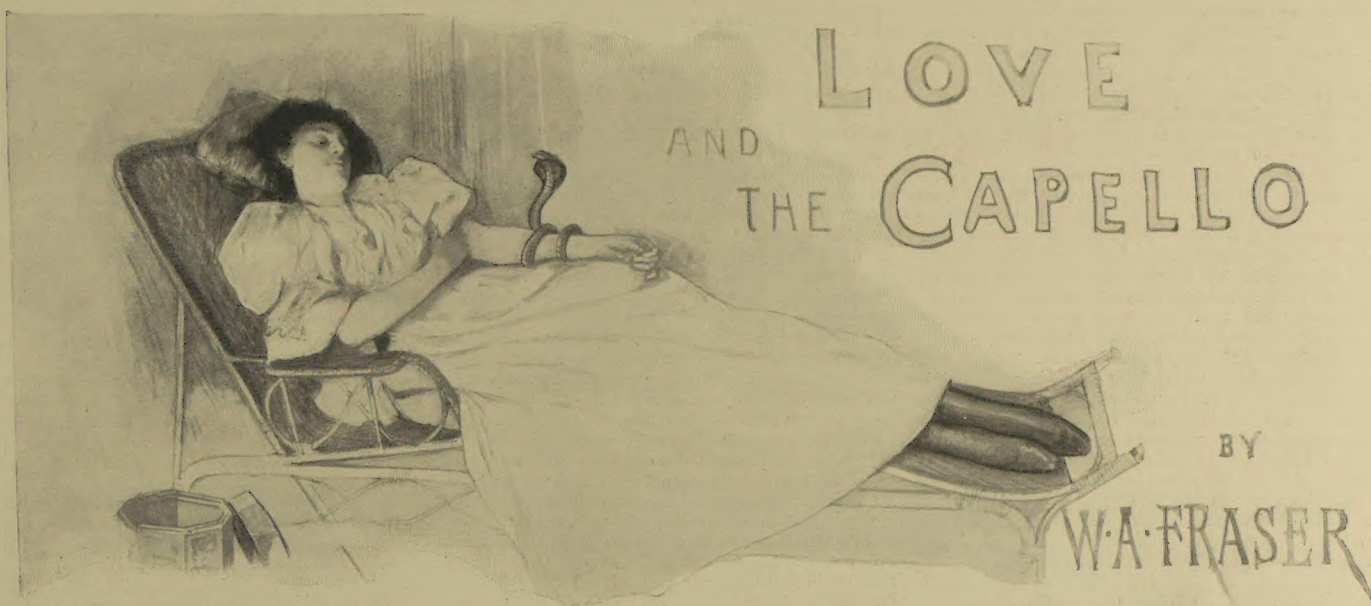


Photo Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE COLONEL WARING, M.P.









ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

THE lights from the Gymkhana Club were streaming across Halpin Road, and the drone of the band came lazily across the open, filtering itself through the octopus limbs of the big banyans, and over the lake of roses the Professor had filled the compound with. That was the Professor's hobby—roses. That and snakes—only the snakes were real business, the roses were for pleasure. But both thrived equally well in Rangoon, jacquemint and the capello.

It was paradise, this land where the roses grew even as cabbages, and the hooded devils came up out of the jungle of their own accord to be dissected. So thought Professor Conti.

But the Professor was over at the Gym now, and the drowsy music, elbowing and jostling the struggling light as they crowded through the Kush-Kush tatties, mingled with the soft pater of small talk with which Minora Conti was beguiling the minutes as they sat there, she and the Major, waiting the return of the Professor.

"Of course, the Major's pony, Nat Thue, would win the Tharawady Plate," she was saying, when she stopped suddenly, and steadied herself as one does when a ten-foot ditch suddenly opens its yawning maw under the fore-feet of one's mount.

The light which streamed out from the drawing-room and offered battle to the glimmer of the Gymkhana showed the sudden paling of her cheek. Parian marble was not more white than that set face.

"Do not move, Major," she said; "do not move your lips even, if you value your life."

Herkomer looked straight into the great, strong eyes of the girl, and they told him more of the danger, more of the horror than even her words had done.

"Keep perfectly still," she continued, "and do not interfere with me in any way."

"Is it a snake?" asked the Major, disregarding her injunction to remain silent.

"Yes, a cobra!" the lips whispered. "Do not move."

From the direction of Minora's eyes Herkomer knew that the hooded demon was on the high back of his chair.

Surely it was the light of inspiration which came into the eyes of this strange girl, as she broke into a low Italian chant, weaving her slender arms back and forth, back and forth.

Herkomer could feel that the cobra was following her movements. Great beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead—not so much at his own proximity to the hated thing, but because of the grand, cool courage Minora was showing, and the risk she was running in drawing the attention of the viper to herself.

"She's going to hypnotise the beast," he thought. He knew she could do it, too; the face told him that. It seemed cowardly to sit there and allow a woman to face the snake, but her command to keep perfectly still had been as much entreaty as command, and he felt that by moving he would only increase the danger to both.

With the same sinuous movement Minora had risen from her seat, and, gently swaying her body as the soft cadences of the chant rose and fell, glided towards the cobra.

"My God, keep back!" Herkomer groaned, scarcely moving his lips. "Stand back, and wait till he goes away."

But the chant continued, and there were the interjected two English words "Keep still!"

Before Herkomer could move or remonstrate further there was the flash of a white arm, a rustle of the soft folds of Minora's muslin dress, and he sprang to his feet to see

the cobra being held at arm's length, firmly grasped by those slender fingers close up to its ugly wedge-shaped head.

"Wait please!" she cried, stepping back, as Herkomer advanced towards her with the evident intention of taking

the snake; "father's tomtom has just driven up to the door—he will take the cobra—it is one of his patients."

She was still holding the repulsive creature at arm's length as the Professor ran up the cemented steps, calling for the bearer to come and take his topee.



With the same sinuous movement Minora had risen from her seat, and, gently swaying her body as the soft cadences of the chant rose and fell, glided towards the cobra.



He stopped short when he observed the gruesome tableau in front of him, stopped short until startled into activity by his daughter's voice asking to be relieved of her terrible captive.

In an instant the Professor had the cobra by the tail, and calling to Minora to let go quickly, he swung him clear, and holding him thus, carried him back to the box from which he had escaped.

Overcome by the reaction, the brave girl sank into the chair she had risen from, and gave way to a flood of nervous, hysterical tears.

Of course, there could only be one reward for such gallantry, if the term may be applied to women's brave deeds. A "V. C." was out of the question; besides, the great Italian eyes had worked sad havoc with Herkomer before the advent of the cobra.

"Love made her brave," mused the Major, as his Burma pony rattled him over the metalled road of the cantonment late that night; "but she's a well-bred one any way, and blood will tell. God! how she stood there and never flinched, with that devil in her hand!" And then he thought of the soft maidenly blushes that had swept over the sweet face as he talked to her of love, of the love that had been in his mind for days and weeks before the appearance of that sinister visitor.

With Jesuitical complaisance Herkomer began to feel deuced glad that the cobra had precipitated matters by poking his ugly head into their tête-à-tête. It had given him the opportunity to risk it all on a single throw of the dice, and he had won—won, with the other fellow, her father's great friend, Count Rubitino, a bad second.

Count Rubitino was a dilettante, an amateur scientist, ostensibly devoted, like Minora's father, the Professor, to the discovery of an antidote to the virus of the cobra and kharite.

"All rot!" said Herkomer to the little iron grey that was carrying him so gallantly along. "Minora's his game, and I have beaten him, my boy; beaten him clean out of his boots, by Jove!" and he chuckled to himself as he thought of the row both the Count and the Professor would kick up when they learned how the land lay.

As he jogged home from parade next morning, Herkomer brought his pony up alongside of Surgeon Thornycroft.

"Come over and have breakfast with me. I want to have a talk with you, old man," he said.

The preliminary of the talk was an account of what had happened the night before over the advent of the thing with the spectacles, for he and Thornycroft were even as Damon and Pythias in the olden time.

"Now for the sequel, my boy," he said, as he drew his chair closer to Thornycroft; "and then I want you to tell what is the matter with me."

Thornycroft shot a suspicious professional look over the physical map of his friend's exterior, searching for touches of "liver," "sun," "Burma head," "pegsgitis," or other unique complaints indigenous to that land.

"It's this," said Herkomer thoughtfully; "I woke up about three o'clock in the morning, as near as I can judge, with a peculiar tingling sensation through every nerve of my body as though some poison were coursing through my veins. Sitting in a chair beside my bed was the figure of a man.

"I spoke to it, thinking that the bearer had fallen asleep there.

"The figure d'd not move. I got up and struck a match, lighting a candle which stood on the table. I dislodged a bottle of soda in my fumbling about for a match and it rolled off, striking the cement floor and exploding with a report like a gun.

"Still the figure did not move. It must be the bearer, I thought; only a bearer could sleep through such a jolly row.

"When I turned the light of the candle on the face of the sleeper, what do you suppose I saw, Thornycroft?" And Herkomer leaned over until his troubled, questioning eyes were brought close into the surgeon's face, and he gripped Thornycroft's wrist till his fingers seemed eating into the flesh.

"One of the fellows who had tarried long at the Gym, and lost the number of his mess," answered the other carelessly, knocking the ashes off the end of his cheroot.

"I saw myself—dead!" continued the Major, taking no notice of his friend's chaff; "dead, and a cobra clinging to my arm."

"Liver and sun both," sighed Thornycroft mentally.

"Of course you'll call it a dream," added Herkomer; "but this morning the soda bottle was in fragments on the floor, the candle had been lighted, and the sole of my foot was bleeding where I had stepped on a piece of the broken glass; besides, I know I was awake. Now, what do you make of that?" he asked triumphantly.

"What do you make of it?" queried the surgeon, as he hunted about for his helmet. "Make nothing of it, only don't let it occur again; and as prevention is better than cure in this country, take a run up to Darjeeling; it may save you the expense of a trip home. There is a little angel that sits up above, in these days of robbery by ruinous exchange, who sends us these warnings, with a postscript added, 'Look to your liver.' So the next time your chum comes, take him up to Darjeeling, and let the

mountain winds carpet-beat the jungle fever out of his system."

"No, I'm quite well," said Herkomer; "quite well, and that's the deuce of it," he added plaintively; "I can't make it out. When a man is well and sees things, it's—it's the devil."

Often after that Herkomer had company of the same sort; always the same, sitting there in the chair waiting. "What the thunder is it waiting for?" Herkomer used to ask himself. Only he did not bother his friend any more about it—it was no use.

Physically he was all right. He could put the best man in the regiment on his back; aye, and hold him there, too, for ten seconds, with both points of the shoulders touching the ground. Neither did he go to Darjeeling. He was in a happier place, had climbed into heaven, otherwise known as the haunts of Minora Conti. Not but what the hot chinook winds which blow up from Hades sometimes withered and scorched his paradise.

It was Count Rubitino who always started these hot blasts. He and Minora were unnecessarily too much together, it seemed to Herkomer; but then he was jealous, and consequently no judge of such matters.

As often as Minora assured him that she cared nothing for the Count, he believed her; and as often as he stumbled upon them in close communion over some secret matter did he feel the hot winds blow, and vow that he would break away from his bondage and leave her to the Count. But it always ended the same way. It wasn't what Minora said that put things right, it was the eyes, the great, soft Italian eyes looking straight and truthfully at and through him, bowling over his jealous resolves like tenpins, and bringing him back into leash like a whipped beglar.

And still it sat there, almost nightly now, beside his bed. He had grown accustomed to seeing it. What was it waiting for?

Sometimes it annoyed him; he felt like getting out of bed and kicking it; but the idea was so incongruous, this kicking of himself, this spiritual self, as it were; so he gave it up and sighed resignedly.

"Of course it means something," he mused; "something's going to happen, but I'm not going to make an ass of myself by talking about it at the mess." So he sat tight and waited for the thing to happen as he would have waited for a Ghazi rush.

It was gruesome, but much in India is gruesome; so he had learned to take things of that order much as he took fighting—with his coffee.

A far greater puzzle to him was Minora herself. Sometimes he found her listless, indifferent, and then again for a time she would be her old brilliant self.

Thinking, perhaps, that these fits of dejection were due to oppression from her father, or undue influence brought to bear by the Count, he made bold to question her; but she shrank from him with horror, and seemed more agitated than she had been when holding the cobra.

"It's nerves," he thought. "Life with the musty old Professor and his cobra associates is depressing enough to wreck the nerves of a bronze Buddha. I'll have to get her out of this."

So he rushed matters a little, and it was all settled for Christmas week. The Professor gave his consent reluctantly enough, Herkomer thought, and the Count congratulated him with an ironical sneer that made Herkomer long to give him a toss in the air from which he would alight on the top of his curly black head.

When he and common-sense sat face to face, common-sense told him that Minora loved him with all the strength of her high-strung nature. What else is there in it for her, common-sense argued; for the Major's inheritance was limited to what his sword might cut down from the pagoda tree, with the exception of a trifling allowance, barely large enough to settle his monthly Gym account.

That was the way common-sense put it; but the other, intuition, or whatever other alias he masqueraded under, said there was something behind it all, and for once in a way they were both right.

The love was there right enough, and also something else; behind it; and this something else might have all come out one evening if Herkomer had not been so coolie-headed—honourable he called it at the time.

It lacked two weeks of Christmas time, and they were sitting on the verandah, as they had sat that other evening. Minora, putting her cool white hand on Herkomer's wrist and turning her face a little into the shadow so that he did not notice how set and white it was, said: "I have a confession to make, Rolando."

"Don't make it then, little woman. Confessions are silly things for which we are always sorry afterwards."

"But I shall be happier if you let me tell you about this. I can't marry you without telling you first. I won't—"

"Look here, Minora," said the Major, turning her around so that he could look into her face, "my objection to your confession is purely selfish. You see, I couldn't let you confess all on your side without unloading some of my sins into your ears, and if we exchanged experiences—well, well, I fancy the Count would appear such a saint by comparison that I should lose you altogether. By the way, I'll compromise," he added laughingly. "I'll just ask you one question, which you may answer or not, and then we'll call the whole thing off."

"I will answer," she said quietly, "only—only—" "Well, has it anything to do with the Count what you were going to tell me?"

"No."

"Then I can't possibly listen."

And so the chance went by, the evil went on—went on for two weeks longer, and it was the eve of the wedding day.

Love does many strange things, among others causes a pony to gallop so fast that a syce cannot possibly keep pace with the winged rider. That was why Herkomer arrived at Minora's home eyeless. As there was nobody to hold his pony, he led him around behind the bungalow to the stables.

Minora's rooms were in the north wing of the bungalow, and as he passed the great windows opening on to the verandah and reaching from ceiling to floor, and open save for the shutters, voices that he could not help but hear fell upon his ear.

For an instant he stood petrified. It was the Count's voice, speaking to Minora.

"You will wreck your happiness for a fancy," sneered the voice.

Herkomer quickened his pace, so that he might hear no more; and of her answer, whatever it was, he only caught the one word "confession" as he turned the corner of the bungalow.

But all the fierce jealous passion that had slumbered in his heart for weeks arose and smothered him—smothered everything—all sense of shame, of justice, of prudence; and he rushed into Minora's boudoir a passion-mad man.

What right had she who was to become his wife the next day to hold secret intercourse with the Count there in her own apartments?

With a startled cry, Minora thrust something into the drawer of a secretaire beside which she was standing, and stood with her back to it as though she would guard the secret.

"Perhaps I am *de trop*," remarked the Count, passing beyond the purdah with a low bow, and, as Herkomer thought, a sneer on his pale face.

"Why—why have you rushed in here, Rolando, and frightened me?" asked Minora confusedly.

"I am sorry if I have frightened you," said the Major shortly, "and I will answer your question by asking another, for perhaps your answer will suffice for both questions. What have you got in that drawer?"

If Minora had not gone white with guilty fear it might have been all right yet; but it was the faltering which developed the tiger in the man. He took a quick step forward and grasped her wrist cruelly—harshly, as he fairly hissed out, "You have a letter or something from him there?"

"My God!" she moaned; "back, do not touch it. If you touch that drawer I will never marry you—never." With an exclamation of rage he brushed her to one side, and snatching the drawer open, plunged his hand in.

There was the lightning swish of a dark body, like the coil of a whiplash in motion; an electric shooting of pain through his arm, which brought an involuntary cry of anguish from his lips, and the twisting, writhing of the hideous cobra-body as he snatched his hand from the death-trap.

A piercing scream had rung out on the still night air as he pulled the drawer open, for, powerless to stop him, Minora had foreseen that he was driving to his death.

It was the scream that brought the Professor to the room.

"Quick, father, Rolando is bitten." And before the Major knew what he was about the Professor had grasped his wrist as in a vice, and pulled him into his own room, which was the next.

From that on it was a head-and-head finish, with the Professor and Death as the runners. There were ligatures and lancing and the injecting of the Professor's antidote and the ceaseless marching up and down of the patient between two sturdy durwans, and the watching of a woman with a great sore heart and eyes that were too dry and hot for tears.

And the other, the one that had sat night after night by Herkomer's bed, came and sat there, just in the centre of the verandah. Herkomer would not let the durwans move the chair. "Don't disturb him," he said; "let him sit there."

"Huzoor, it is but an empty chair," said one of them.

"No one sits there, sahib."

But still he told them not to move the chair—they could walk around it. "He won't have long to wait now," he muttered.

"Surely the poison was making the sahib a little mad," the durwan thought.

At first Herkomer felt strangely elated. It was like new wine—he was drunk on it; it was good to be bitten by cobras. If he could only get over it, he would like to try it again—it was like opium.

And then came the poppy sleep. He begged them to let him lie down and rest.

"If you sleep, you die," the Professor yelled in his ear. The voice was far off: it was like a dream. It was the murmuring of the breakers far away on the coral reefs, and required too much energy to listen to it. Besides, he



## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

was so tired and sleepy. This ceaseless walking up and down was like counting sheep. It made his head heavy.

Up and down, up and down, the hard floor of the verandah re-echoing to the clap, clap of the durwans' loose slippers as they marched one on either side of him.

It was a terrible race, and life was the stake.

But as the torturing hours chased each other through the long Burmese night, and the grey began to steal up behind the tapering spire of the golden pagoda in the east, and the Major still lived, still walked up and down between his relays of Punjabis, the Professor knew that he had won—had robbed the hooded fiend of his victim.

And the man who had come back out of the jaws of death, when he was told that he might sleep, went deep down into the rest-world and lay for hours in a sleep that was first cousin to death.

When he awoke the figure sitting beside his couch had changed—it was Minora; she who had sat there hour after hour watching that the light did not go quite out; that the sleep did not become of closer kin to death.

Very confusedly the questioning eyes looked at her when they opened.

When he had grown a little stronger she told him this;

"A King has the right to die; he has not the right to be ill," said Louis XVIII., in justification of the garbled reports that were issued from the Tuileries by his own directions when his end was already near. In my opinion, the words constitute what the French would call "une phrase roulante"—read a "ringing sentence"—the true significance of which it is difficult for ordinary mortals, like myself and thousands of others, to fathom at the first blush. Yet Louis XVIII. was unquestionably the least stupid of the latter Bourbons, and would not have coined an absolutely empty sentence for the simple gratification of making a sensational exit.

The more rational explanation of the sentence might be found in the well-known insecurity of the succession, and the consequent wish to give the adversaries of the régime no loophole for creating disturbances. Be this as it may, the principle enunciated by Louis XVIII. has been acted upon frequently since by many sovereigns who had no such fears and by eminent men who had not, and did not profess to have, successors in their public capacities. Only

thrown under the very windows of the Quirinal where the future Pontiff was staying. During the sitting of the Conclave that chose Pius IX., a false report was spread of the election to the triple tiara of Cardinal Ghizzi; and, according to traditional usage, the palace of the latter prelate was forthwith sacked and partly destroyed.

No such disturbances need be feared at present. The thirteen days that went by between the death of Mastai Ferretti and the election of Joachim Pecci (Feb. 7 to 20, 1878) were orderly throughout. However execrable the conditions under which the Conclave was held may have appeared to many sincere Catholics, the soldiers and police of King Humbert, whose reign was then not much more than a month old, managed to invest the proceedings with a dignity and repose they had lacked throughout the ages. As far as I can remember, the Conclave that elected Leo XIII. was the shortest on record; it lasted only thirty-six hours. Of course, I am speaking of the time during which the princes of the Church were actually deprived of all communication with the outer world.

Several Conclaves have lasted over three months; and



*This ceaseless walking up and down was like counting sheep. It made his head heavy. Up and down, up and down, the hard floor of the verandah re-echoing to the clap, clap of the durwans' loose slippers as they marched one on either side of him.*

told him the tale that she had tried to tell that night when he had stopped her.

"Father inoculated me with the cobra virus, partly as an experiment, and partly for my own safety, as his cobras were always about.

"As it seemed to be harmless and to make it sure, he performed the operation several times. But he, learned as he is, did not foresee the result. It acted on me as morphine acts on those who have it injected into their veins—it became necessary to my life. The exhilaration you felt would be mine for days, then depression followed as a natural law.

"But why go into detail?" she added with a faint, wan smile. "Without it I was dead. At last I became so that the bite from the cobra was only equal to the dose my father used. This was the simplest plan.

"When you first came into my life, I thought that I should overcome it, for love is blind.

"The night you were bitten I meant to tell you all, but to fortify myself, to summon up the moral courage to drown the love which was so great and strong, I had asked Count Rubitino to bring a cobra from my father's box.

"That is all; it is not pleasant," and she smiled again wanly. "I should not have allowed this love to conquer me, but now it has conquered, it has triumphed over all. I will not marry you because I love you."

It was the best that way: "Because I love you I will not marry you."

THE END.

a few weeks ago the dangerous state of Bismarck's health was deliberately disguised, and his death came practically like a thunderclap. And now, if all I hear be true, a similar course is being pursued with regard to Leo XIII. More than a month since I heard, on excellent authority, that the aged Pontiff was breaking up fast. A little later there were vague reports to the same effect being circulated, and in every instance they were promptly contradicted. They are being more vehemently contradicted as I write; yet it is very evident that there is a good foundation for them.

I yield to no one in my reverence of and admiration for the head of the Catholic Church, and trust that the error may be mine; but if it be otherwise I fail to see the necessity for disguise. The death of the Holy Father and the vacancy of the Papal throne are not likely to be marked by the scandalous anarchy that accompanied every interregnum up to the election of Leo the Thirteenth's immediate predecessor, Pius IX. The demise of a Pontiff was the signal for opening the doors of every prison: the rabble, scum, and malefactors of the Eternal City were let loose, and became for the time being the masters of the streets. Everyone, even ambassadors, was obliged to barricade himself in his dwelling; as a diplomatist graphically put it, it was the carnival of the *canaille*. I repeat, that state of things prevailed as late as the election of Mastai Ferretti to the Papal throne. Just before the assembling of the Conclave which elected Gregory XIII., a shell was

one, if I am not mistaken, extended over three years: it was that which elected Gregory X. It was, in fact, the first Conclave canonically organised, and by Theobald himself. Clement IV., having died at Viterbi, the Cardinals, unable to agree on the choice of a successor, were preparing to depart, when Jean Fidenza, the Saint Bonaventura of the Roman Catholic Calendar, persuaded the inhabitants of Viterbi to close their gates and not to let the princes of the Church go until they had made an election. The measure proved of no use whatever; the disagreement continued. Hunger finally did what imprisonment had failed to accomplish.

The results of many Conclaves have been startling indeed. The Conclave assembled to elect Pius the Sixth's successor had been sitting for more than three months and a half; the suffrages being pretty equally divided between two powerful Cardinals. One morning the two rivals met in the garden of the ducal palace at Venice, the Revolution of 1799 in Rome having driven the Cardinals from the City of the Seven Hills. Though, perhaps, not loving each other as Christian charity dictated, the two candidates were exquisitely polite, and engaged in conversation. Suddenly there appeared at the end of an avenue the good Cardinal Chiaramonti. At the same moment one Cardinal said to the other: "Let us elect this worthy priest; he is sure to please Bonaparte." And Chiaramonti ascended the Papal throne under the title of Pius VII., and reigned as such twenty-three years, five months, and thirteen days.



THE SPANISH - AMERICAN WAR.



1. The last our Artist saw of his Horse: After the second Shell Exploded, not one of these was to be seen.  
 3. A Flag of Truce (this was really a white Mosquito-Curtain).  
 5. Returned from Hospital: Lieutenant Short, wounded on July 1, back to work on July 11.

2. Field-Officer's Horse employed as Water-Carrier for the Men.  
 4. A Pack Train: "Ammunition to the Front!"  
 6. Just before the Fight.

THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN, SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

From sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.



THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.



THE UNITED STATES ARMY IN CUBA: OFFICERS DISCUSSING THE SITUATION.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.

*Under such shelter as a leaky tent afforded, the officers did their best to keep their spirits up. In the centre lies the wounded Lieutenant Short, who so pluckily returned to duty ten days after he was hurt.*



## LITERATURE.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

*Studies of a Biographer.* By Leslie Stephen. (Duckworth and Co.)  
*On Plain and Peak.* Sporting and Other Sketches of Bohemia and Tyrol. By Randolph L. Hodgson. (Constable and Co.)  
*Handbook to Foreign Hall-Marks in Gold and Silver Plate.* By Christopher A. Markham, F.S.A. (Boosey and Turner.)  
*The English Flower-Garden.* By W. Robinson. (John Murray.)  
*A Romance of the West Coast.* By Matilda Mallard. Translated by Anna Molboe. (Harcourt.)  
*Meg of the Scarlet Foot.* By William Edwards Trenchuck. (Harper and Brothers.)  
*The Shrouded Face.* By Owen Rhosconyl. (C. Arthur Pearson.)  
*John Burnet of Barns.* A Romance. By John Buchanan. (John Lane.)  
*Silence, and Other Stories.* By Mary E. Wilkins. (Harper and Brothers.)  
*Ghosts I Have Met.* By John Kendrick Banges. (Harper and Brothers.)  
*The Story of a Play.* By W. D. Howells. (Harper and Brothers.)  
*Men, Women, and Things.* By F. C. Phillips. (Duckworth and Co.)  
*Gaiety Chronicles.* By John Hollingshead. (Constable and Co.)

In his admirable "Studies of a Biographer," Mr. Leslie Stephen makes an admission which recalls a colloquy between Beauty and the Beast. "I am very ugly," sighed the Beast. "Well, you are," Beauty admitted. "And I'm very stupid," added the Beast. "If you were you wouldn't know it," rejoined Beauty. Similarly, Mr. Leslie Stephen sincerely bemoans his Philistinism in these volumes, and yet confutes his confession by his manner of making it. Matthew Arnold himself could not have said anything more in the true Zeitgeist spirit than the wish expressed by Mr. Stephen at the close of his admission of Philistinism: "I must confess that as a good Philistine I often felt, and hope I profited by the feeling, that Matthew Arnold had pierced me to the quick, and I submitted to his castigations as I have had to submit to the probings of a dentist—I knew they were for my good. And I often wished, I must also confess, that I too had a little sweetness and light that I might be able to say such nasty things of my enemies." Obviously it is the luck, not of wit in either of its senses, but of malice, that makes those "Studies of a Biographer" as sympathetic as they are clever.

Shakespeare, however wrong about the geography of Bohemia, was right about the characteristics of its people, if Autolycus, that musical rogue, may be taken as a fair representative of its peasantry, and if Mr. Randolph Hodgson's information and observation have not misled him. In his excellent book of sporting and other sketches of Bohemia and Tyrol, "On Plain and Peak," Mr. Hodgson says, "An intense love of music and an inability to distinguish between mine and thine characterise the Bohemian. There is a saying to the effect that, when a baby is born, a violin is placed on one side of the cradle and a silver spoon on the other. If the child reaches for the violin, he will be a musician; if he takes the spoon, he will be a thief. One of the two he must be; often he is both." Mr. Hodgson is obviously a keen observer and a keener sportsman, but his sense of humour is not keen. He is shocked by the geographical ignorance of a college friend, who, upon being informed by Mr. Hodgson, with Caledonian seriousness, that Bohemia was a country in Central Europe and formed part of the Austrian Empire, answered, "Does it? I always thought Bohemia was a suburb of London." But Mr. Randolph Hodgson has other and signal merits as a writer, which make "On Plain and Peak" most interesting reading "to the general," but of special interest to the sportsman. It has, besides, the advantage of being admirably illustrated by her Serene Highness Princess Mary of Thurn and Taxis, and from photographs.

Mr. Markham's little book runs only to 102 pages, but it contains an enormous mass of information, which no collector of silver can do without. It covers all Europe save England (which has been thoroughly dealt with by Mr. Chaffers) and France, which has been treated by His-Paquot's "Dictionnaire." Though the actual text occupies only eighty-six pages, the index contains nearly 1400 references.

It is interesting to note how the forces of each age converge by different paths to the same objective. Mr. W. Robinson, for instance, in his "English Flower-Garden"—now, we are rejoiced to see, in its sixth edition—has wrought a revolution in gardening analogous to that effected within the same period in dress, furniture, music, painting, and literature. If Mr. Robinson cannot say, "Alone I did it," at least he can boast, "Quorum pars magna fui." As there is still much room for the improvements suggested by Mr. Robinson, we hope this encyclopaedic book will be the standard work of reference and advice to every gardener in the three kingdoms.

Mrs. Mallard is a young Swede who has fallen under the fascination of Napoleon, whom she regards not as a personage dead and done with, but as a living reality; not as a mere general and law-maker, but as a man longing for the love of a palpitating woman. She takes Napoleon at the time when Josephine had come toicken him. A young Royalist heiress, Edmée de la Feuillade, came up from La Vendée to claim her confiscated estates in Normandy. The girl, young, beautiful, and proud, represents everything that Napoleon had idealised for himself out of the ruins of his alliance with Josephine. He is fascinated on the spot; and the girl's heart strangely and suddenly beats to his, until, despite ancestral prejudice and the instinctive refinement of her nature, she becomes the conqueror's body and soul. The end is grim tragedy, and yet, under the spiritual influence of the girl's fresh young nature, Napoleon becomes a new man, whom we pity instead of fear. The story, at once pathetic and passionate, is told with breathless interest. At no point does it offend, for despite its basis it is told with the rapt enthusiasm that elevates the reader. It has been interpreted so cleverly by Miss Molboe that the traces of translation are reduced to a minimum.

"Meg of the Scarlet Foot" is a Welsh story of an ugly duckling reared in a homely hen's nest. She has all the cygnet's roving instinct, and can settle down neither to man, woman, place, nor work. Her many loves and lovers,

wanderings and adventures, are realistically described, while many of her homely friends are so lifelike as to seem drawn from life direct. In a word, you have all the ingredients of a fine novel in "Meg of the Scarlet Foot," but for lack of concentration and "composition" they fail of their due effect. The book, indeed, reminds one of the historic plum-pudding, which, in spite of the excellence of its ingredients, was a watery failure because the pudding-cloth was forgotten.

The rambling improbabilities of "The Shrouded Face" recall the extemporised romances we told and heard 'twixt sleeping and waking in the dormitories of our school-boyhood. As in them, the hero engages on the most inadequate motives in the most incredible adventures, and the stirring scenes succeed each other almost with the incoherence of a succession of magic-lantern slides. Fortunately, the scene is laid in Wales and in the Dark Ages, so that the dimness of time and distance has something of the effect of the dimness of night in disposing the reader to credulity.

If "The Shrouded Face" recalls the extemporised dormitory story of our boyhood, "John Burnet of Barns" reminds us of the salmagundi story told by the boy who trusted rather to his memory than to his imagination for his yarn. It is an insipid réchauffé of Scotch adventure-stories, with this difference, that its hero wins the lady of his love before instead of after his setting forth upon his travels. We are at a loss to understand his leaving in her loneliness and defencelessness for two years the girl he loved so devotedly, since he had not Lovelace's fine plea of a call of honour; but then, if he had not so left her, we should have lacked his Low Countries adventures and the other confused reminiscences of Scotch romances.

"Silence," the eponymous story of a charming collection by Miss Mary E. Wilkins, is not in her usual style nor in the style of its companion tales. It rather reeks of carnage, and of carnage of the fiendish American Indian brand. Its horrors, however, are relieved by the pathos of its heroine's distraught state through the loss of her sweetheart. Pathetic also is the "blank history" of the old maid, who loved beneath her but "never told her love," though she knew it was shyly returned; and of the eccentric will by which she rewarded the braver fidelity of her cousin to her low-born lover—the son of the very man from whom her pride had, fifty years before, parted herself. On the other hand, there is much delightful humour in "A New England Prophet," whose followers proved the sincerity of their faith by making over to unbelievers their worldly goods on and after a certain Thursday, indicated as the date of the Millennium by hieroglyphics scrawled upon a slate by a deaf and dumb boy.

Different, indeed, is the American humour of Mr. Bangs' "Ghosts I Have Met," the most depressing book we have read for a long time. Nothing is so depressing as forced fun, and the fun of "Ghosts I Have Met" is as forced as it is foolish. A single specimen will satisfy any English reader of the quality of this new American humorist: "My hair not only stood on end, but tugged madly in an effort to get away. Four hairs—I can prove the statement if it be desired—did pull themselves loose from my scalp in their insane desire to rise above the terrors of the situation, and, flying upward, stuck like nails into the oak ceiling directly over my head, whence they had to be pulled out the next morning with nippers by our hired man, who would no doubt testify to the truth of the occurrence as I have asserted it, if he were still living, which unfortunately he is not. Like most hired men he was subject to attacks of lethargy, from one of which he died last summer."

From this kind of stuff to the subtle humour of Mr. W. D. Howells' "The Story of a Play" is a far cry, the breadth of the gulf between them is a fair indication of the width of the range of American humour. Mr. Howells surpasses even himself in the skill with which he "writes about it and about it" in "The Story of a Play," since nothing less dramatic than this narrative of the conception and birth of a drama can possibly be imagined. The hero hits upon an original and Ibsenite idea for the moral of a play—that the wages of sin is more sinning, which is the very body of death. His bride suggests a love interest which promises to rival distractingly the tragic interest of the piece; while his friend the actor, who has undertaken to play the principal rôle, is still more bewildering in his counsels. The greater part of the book is taken up with discussions upon these suggestions and additions, which, however, are made in the most subtle and ingenious way to bring out the characters of the three principal personages. Subtle and ingenious also are Mr. Howells' descriptions of the quarrels between hero and heroine, their causes and their courses. In "The Story of a Play," as in most of Mr. Howells' stories, the personages are so exquisitely sensitive that they remind us of Hans Andersen's real Princess, whose royal birth and breeding were proved by her feeling a pea under six feather-beds. To make the super-subtle thoughts and super-sensitive feelings of such folk so extremely interesting is a triumph of art.

Most of the short stories in Mr. F. C. Phillips' "Men, Women, and Things" are admirable, while some of them, if adapted to the stage, would make light and bright curtain-raisers. "The Test of Ridicule," for instance, where a philanthropic Peer, who makes love to every pretty married woman he meets, falls into the trap laid for him by a lady who accepts as a widow the proposal of elopement he had made to her as a wife. "One Good Turn" also might be pleasantly dramatised, though, perhaps, the vindictive spirit of the jilted girl in sacrificing to her revenge the life's happiness of her dearest friend, is as little credible as it is creditable. In the pretty little tale, "The Pink Pinafore," Mr. Phillips shows unexpected power of pathos.

Mr. Hollingshead has done a rare thing: he has written a theatrical history that is not dull. Like his old colleague, Miss Emily Solene, he approaches his theatrical career from the vantage-ground of a certain cynical common-sense and engaging humour that put everything in its

proper perspective. Mr. Hollingshead, of course, is no novice. He was writing for the *Cornhill* when Thackeray started it; and at this moment he contributes a very interesting London Letter to a provincial weekly newspaper. He opened the Gaiety, which cost £15,000, on Feb. 14, 1869 (with a capital of £200); he left it in the summer of 1886. During these seventeen years the theatre was closed only eighteen weeks, and earned £675,000, while nearly five hundred plays were produced in it, winding up with the oldest dramatic art in the world, played in Hindustani by a Parsee company. He gave 959 matinees, among them "Quicksands," Mr. Archer's adaptation of "The Pillars of Society," which introduced Ibsen to English playgoers. Such, in brief, is the achievement of the Gaiety; and now that the theatre is threatened with destruction Mr. Hollingshead's lively chronicle is very timely.

## A LITERARY LETTER.

The edition of Dickens's works in the dainty form of the "Temple Library," which Messrs. Dent and Co. propose to commence in October, will be in forty volumes, and each will have a frontispiece in colour. The books will be published in America by Doubleday and McClure. The copyright of Dickens's later work is not exhausted in England until another eight years have gone, so that this edition cannot be in any way complete; but, after all, it will contain everything of Dickens's that one wishes to remember. Mr. Dent, by the way, has just started off for a well-earned holiday, after a somewhat exciting year, in which he has produced one hundred or so dainty little books, moved into the old premises of Messrs. Macmillan, and purchased the *Idler* and sold it at a profit.

With the issue to subscribers of the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth volumes of the Edinburgh Edition of Stevenson's works, that magnificent book is now completed. It is one upon which, from time to time during its issue, I have been glad to take the opportunity of congratulating Mr. Sidney Colvin and his coadjutor, Mr. Charles Baxter. Between them they have produced the most magnificent edition of a novelist that we have so far seen. It was preceded by *éditions de luxe* of Dickens, Thackeray, and other writers of an earlier date than Stevenson, and it has been followed by similar editions of even younger novelists; and in some cases there has been the same printer engaged. But not one of these books, and certainly not the edition of Mr. Kipling's works, which was the latest attempt at this kind of thing, can for a moment compare with the Edinburgh "Stevenson," which seems in its selection of paper, binding, and printing to be the "last word" in the art of brilliant book-making for many a day to come. The edition bears the imprint of Chatto and Windus, I recollect, but I understand that the issue has long since been sold out and can only be obtained through booksellers, many of whom are asking a considerable sum for it.

The two final volumes of the Stevenson are "St. Ives," with, of course, the concluding chapters by Mr. Quiller-Couch, and a volume of miscellaneous material, which is described as a "bonus" volume, and which is given away to all subscribers to the twenty-seven volumes of the Edinburgh "Stevenson."

By a singular coincidence, in the same week that sees the issue of the beautiful edition of "St. Ives," there has been published by Messrs. Hutchinson a volume entitled "The Adventures of a French Sergeant, from 1805 to 1823. Written by Himself." This "Adventures of a French Sergeant" was first published by Delaforest, in Paris, in 1825. An English edition followed in London in 1826. It is perfectly clear to me that Stevenson must have read this book in either the English or the French edition. The story of Robert Guilleminard has many points in common with that of the Count St. Ives. There is even at one point the incident of a duel which recalls that second chapter of "St. Ives" and its title, "A Tale of a Pair of Scissors." In the duel described in Guilleminard's book before me, one of the prisoners desires to fight with scissors, the other with razors. They dispute about it for some time, until finally they agree to draw lots, when razors are ultimately decided upon. One of the combatants was named Ricard, the other Lambert. It is to be hoped that in Stevenson's biography one may obtain information as to whether he had really read the "Adventures of a French Sergeant," or whether the resemblance of this and other points in the book to "St. Ives" is merely another literary coincidence.

As I have said, the final volume of Stevenson is called a "bonus" volume, and its very title makes one think before criticising of the well-known adage as to looking a gift horse in the mouth. There are in this volume exact facsimiles of the dainty booklets which Stevenson printed at Davos for the amusement and edification of his little stepson, now the well-known Mr. Lloyd Osbourne. These who do not happen to have seen these little Davos productions before will be delighted to have them in facsimile; but I hope it is not ungracious of me to call the attention of Mr. Colvin and Mr. Baxter to the fact that one of the quaint little brochures has actually been omitted. It is now before me. It is inscribed on the first page, "To M. L. Stevenson, February 11, 1882, from R. L. Stevenson and S. L. Osbourne." On the second page there is an illustration—as usual, of a quaint character. On the third the words "The Marguerite. Lawks, what a beautiful flower!—T. S.," and on the fourth page: "Printers, S. L. Osbourne and Co., Davos Platz, 1882." It could scarcely be the triviality of the thing which leads to this omission. I imagine it must have escaped in some way from Mr. Osbourne's collection.

Mr. William Archer, it is stated, is about to publish a volume of criticisms on "Living Poets." If some critics are to be trusted, there are no "living poets." Only last week a young Irishman assured the readers of a popular journal that there were no Irish poets; while Mr. Archer, who is a Scot, apparently believes that there are two or three in the sister island. After reading a fine poem by Miss Lawless in last week's *Literature*, I am inclined to agree with Mr. Archer.

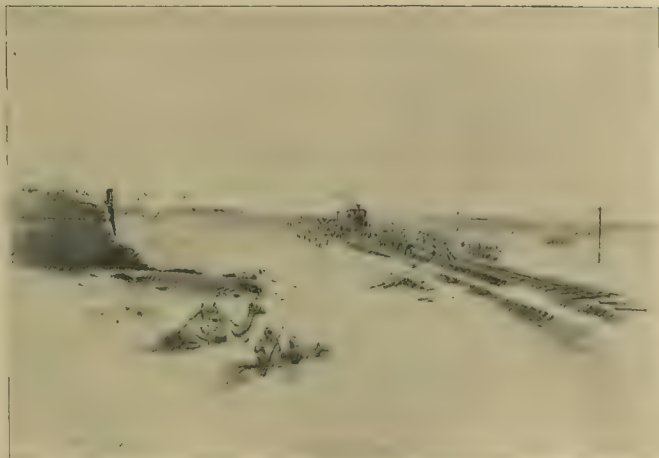
C. K. S.



## THE SOUDAN ADVANCE.



THE TRANSPORT LINES, BRITISH BRIGADE, DARMALI.

*Drawn by Corporal J. Farquharson, 1st Seaforth Highlanders.*

THE ADVANCE OF THE RAILWAY BEYOND DARMALI.

*Drawn by Corporal J. Farquharson, 1st Seaforth Highlanders.*

Despite the terrible heat of the Soudan at this season (the normal noonday register is 114 degrees in the shade) preparations for the final advance on Khartoum are being rapidly pushed forward. About the beginning of August a detachment of the Grenadier Guards went forward from Assouan, and at Cairo every afternoon until the 11th saw the departure of troops for the front. On that day the last detachment left for the Atbara. Rumours are current that the expedition may probably get into Khartoum, or rather Omdurman, without striking a blow, as the Dervishes can never be counted upon to make a determined resistance at any given point. Should their women and children retire in panic from a position, the Dervishes straightway follow and leave the place an easy prize to the enemy. Later advices

from Atbara announce that on Aug. 13 the Sirdar left for Nasri Island to inspect the advanced dépôt. Nasri Island is situated about twenty miles below Shabluka. From Atbara comes also news of active transport of troops, the leading steamers of the First British Brigade having passed on the way from Darmali on the afternoon of Aug. 13. Covered barges, built in sections and brought up the Nile by rail on a principle similar to that adopted for the gun-boats, conveyed the troops and were towed by the steamers. The men are reported to be in the best of spirits and to be pleased at the advance.

The main body of the Egyptian cavalry has preceded the British to the front. The cavalry has marched up the left bank of the Nile as far as Metemneh, where it joined forces

with half the camel corps. The route followed by one squadron of the Egyptians was the same as that of the desert column in 1884, crossing the Bayuda Desert by way of Korti, Jakdeh, and Abu Klea. Eight days were occupied on the march. On July 16 the British cavalry and artillery started for the overland march. General Lyttelton's brigade has been exercised in the advance with independent firing, and has made exceedingly good practice. Telegraphic communication is now in full operation between Atbara and the advanced post at Nasri, where General Hunter is stationed with a considerable portion of the Egyptian army. Arrangements for the advance are being satisfactorily carried out. There is no delay, the final detachments having arrived well ahead of the time allowed.



Captain Douglas Churcher.

Lieutenant Malcolm Wilson.

WITH THE 2ND BRIGADE ON THE NILE: MAXIM BATTERY OF THE 87th ROYAL IRISH FUSILIERS.





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VIOLE D'AMOUR.

By Carl Gustav.









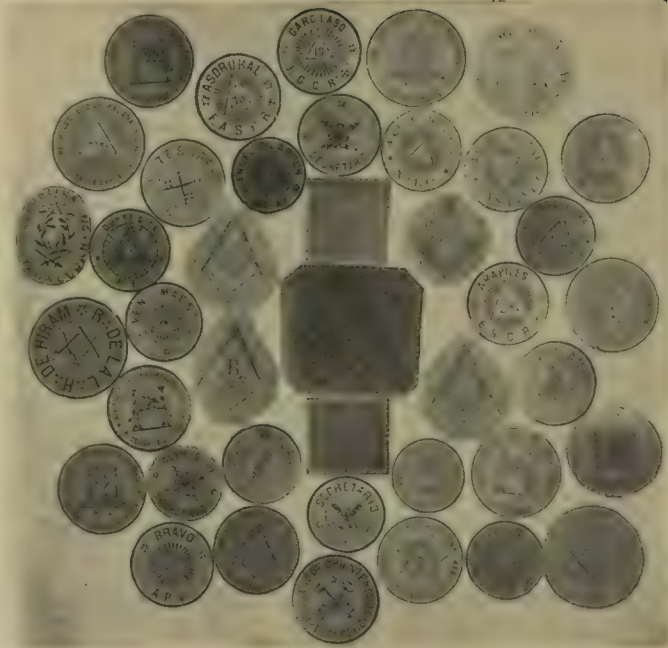
FROM EUSTON TO KLONDIKE: SUMMIT OF THE CHILKOOT PASS,

*From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Price.*



## THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

The Philippine islanders stand a very good chance of experiencing the delights of government by a Concert. Though America has made but little headway in the conquest of the islands, they lie at her feet for disposal, and America has expressed an unmistakable desire to reap all the advantages she can get, combined with the smallest measure of responsibility. Whether this means that the islands will be placed under a Spanish-American protectorate, or whether another Power, or Powers, will be associated with the governing body, it may be taken as a certainty that the populace will be found to be miserably blind to the advantages of the arrangement. They are the most ungovernable people of the Far East, perhaps as a result of having been for centuries among the worst governed. The attention of the Americans was attracted to the Philippines, when the Spanish-American War broke out, by the rebellion then in progress against Spanish power. The rebellion was the result, according to its sympathisers, of the tyranny and oppression exercised by the religious orders of Manila, who, under the Archbishop, largely monopolised the administration of affairs in the islands. The loyal Spaniards, on the other hand, found the cause of all the trouble in the innumerable anti-Catholic secret societies of the Philippines. The conflict has been called that of Friars against Freemasons. It would be unfair to the great organisation of Freemasons to say that they are in any way responsible for the deeds that have been done in their name in the Philippines, but that the rebels have attempted to associate themselves with the renowned Order is evident from the photographs which we give, taken on the spot by one of the ablest war-correspondents in the Far East. One of the Illustrations represents a number of the private tokens used as passports and for similar purposes among the different bands of rebels. It will be noticed that several well-known Masonic emblems figure more or less consistently throughout these signs. One of the commonest of the tokens is that bearing the name of the Ku-tagalu, or Tagalu society, the Tagalus being the most numerous and powerful among the many native tribes of the Philippines. Another photograph is that of a quasi-Masonic apron used by the rebels at secret meetings, and also worn in battle. The apron now depicted, which was found on the dead body of one of the insurgents after an engagement, indicates pretty clearly that the brotherhood to whom it belonged aspired to deeds of blood. Nothing further is needed to prove that the "Freemasonry" of the Manila insurgents is as remote from that of the real brotherhood as the assassination of enemies is from honest combination against evils. Another photograph shows the Spanish artillery at drill in the Malakon, the principal seaward battery, situated below Manila city walls, from which the view is taken, looking



COLLECTION OF SEALS AND STAMPS BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN USED BY VARIOUS BRANCHES OF THE KATIPUNAN, THE PHILIPPINE NATIVES' SECRET SOCIETY.



SPANISH ARTILLERY AT DRILL IN THE PRINCIPAL SEAWARD BATTERY JUST BELOW MANILA CITY WALLS.

across the bay towards Cavite, where lies the American fleet, hidden, however, from view by the haze. Malate lies to the left, and beyond that is the territory held by the rebels, reaching all the way round the bay to Cavite. The battery consists of six ancient muzzle-loading howitzers of about six inches calibre. Photographing the forts is, according to the decree of the Spanish commander, *absolutamente prohibido*, on pain of death. The present photograph, however, representing a scene which is fairly typical of the whole of the defences of the citadel of Manila, serves as a testimonial to the endurance and obstinacy of the Spanish troops, who have so long held out in spite of the paltry character, as here shown, of their defences. Our enterprising photographer ought surely to be rewarded rather than punished.

We are indebted to Mr. J. Cowen for the photographs from which our Illustrations have been taken.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop-designate of Calcutta, Mr. Welldon, is on one side of Dissenting stock. His great-grandfather was a Baptist minister at Walton-on-the-Naze. It is understood that Mr. Welldon did not wish to be an English Bishop.

Canon Gore's passion for work is very marked. During the month of August he is preaching morning and evening at Westminster Abbey, and will follow this course during each Sunday of his present residence.

Canon Barker's resignation as rector of Hexham has been formally accepted by the Bishop. He has been rector of Hexham for thirty-two years, during which time he has won the affection and admiration of all. Canon Barker intends to continue to reside in Hexham. His successor is the Rev. E. Sidney Savage.

The Bishop of Salisbury will leave England on Oct. 4 for Jerusalem to preside at the consecration of the Collegiate Church of St. George on the 18th of the same month.

Further particulars have been received of the death of the Rev. W. G. Lion, who was on his way to Dawson City to establish a mission among the Klondike miners. It appears that in company with two other men Mr. Lion was ascending the Skagway River in a large boat towing a canoe which contained provisions. The canoe was upset in going through Lake Le Burgé, and the three men landed. Mr. Lion righted the canoe, and he and one of the men went in to try and recover some of the valuable stores. The canoe was again upset, and though strong and expert swimmers, both of the

occupants immediately sank, the intense coldness of the water having probably produced cramp.

The Bible Society has sent one of its agents to Wei-Hai-Wei, the new British naval station in China. The agent will make special itinerations during the summer through the whole Shang-Tung territory.

Canon Gore writes to the *Church Times* on the practice of Confession. He says: "No one in the name of the Church of England has any right to require, whether as a condition of Confirmation or of Communion, the confession of sins to the priest. And no one has a right in the name of the Church of England to rank those who use it on a higher spiritual level than those who do not."

Here is another parson's story. A simple villager was told by his doctor to take his medicine "in a recumbent posture." "Why," said his wife, "we ain't got no such thing to take it in." They sought to borrow a "recumbent posture" of their neighbours, but without result. Then they applied to a maiden lady, reputed to be a "decayed gentlewoman," who said that she would have been happy to lend James a "recumbent posture," but that it had been already borrowed by a friend.

V.



PHILIPPINE "FREEMASON'S APRON."





AN ART CRITIC.



## LADIES' PAGE.

No one can be familiar with both French and English watering-places without becoming assured that Frenchwomen really care a great deal more about dress than Englishwomen. The Englishwoman likes to be smart, it is true, but she places comfort in the first place whenever she can reconcile it with her conscience to do so. The eternal coat and skirt is almost a uniform for Englishwomen at the seaside, as was too visible at Cowes. It varies, of course, in detail, but in monotonous outline it is unfailingly there on the great majority of women, and eight times out of ten it is made in serge. Cream serge has a more dressy look than a darker colour, and it shares in the general popularity of white this season; but wise women find out that blue is more generally becoming, and consequently adopt it very largely. It is not absolutely necessary, by the way, that serge should be made up as a coat and skirt, or that it should be thick; it is quite possible to have a serge gown constructed in a fitting form,

of silk or muslin under the coats, and therefore necessitate wearing tighter corsets. Hence the ringing of the changes between the various but limited ideas of the ladies' tailor in the way of coats—the short-basqued (not many of these) and the medium-basqued; the revers from the waist and the revers only beginning at the bust; the revers that are embroidered and those that are silk-faced; those that are the same and those that are a different colour from the coat itself; the revers that are square across the figure and those that are shaped; the coat with a semi-fitting back and loose front, and the one where the waist is cut to the figure and held in by one button to the exact waist-line. And then all the varieties of vest—the folded silk, the muslin and lace insertions, the tight-fitting cloth, the lace yoke with a gathered fullness below—here are all these divergencies. But it is still the eternal coat and skirt, after all!

Now, evidently the Englishwoman's chief idea in adopting a seaside costume of this monotony is that she shall be always trim and neat, and at the same time at ease. The Frenchwoman cares absolutely nothing about

were dimly to be perceived going over each shoulder and defining the edge of the yoke. The hat sent to go with this was pink straw tilted on one side, and further trimmed on the left brim, by two enormous pink peonies, with a band of ruby velvet going round the crown, and two very narrow bands of pink ribbon above that—all very *chic* and uncommon. To crown the whole, the parasol chosen by the Parisian authority for her patroness to carry with her pink and ruby frock was a delicate pinkish mauve!

"Picador's" sketches this week show characteristic dresses worn at the Casino at a fashionable French watering-place. The first is constructed of *crêpe-de-Chine* and lace, trimmed with narrow bands of jewelled galon. The lace forms the yoke, the sleeves, and the *godet* flounces on the skirt, and the galon is artistically twisted into the shape of a bow to finish the band that heads the flounces on the skirt, while it trims the waistband and the yoke in the manner shown, the centre of the bodice being of the *crêpe-de-Chine* draped up to the left shoulder and finished off under an artistic bow of itself. The hat is a white straw,



A HANDSOME GOWN OF CRÊPE-DE-CHINE AND LACE.



A COSTUME OF WHITE LAWN WITH BLACK LACE OVERDRESS.

and sufficiently trimmed to relieve its rough, plain surface.

A blue serge of fine texture that passed before me lately gained originality by fastening right down the centre of the tight-fitting bodice with tiny buttons of white enamel, each having a forget-me-not in natural colour upon it. About an inch from the fastening row of buttons on either side was a quilling an inch wide of navy-blue silk, set in under a fold of the serge, which was edged with a very narrow passementerie, containing in its design threads of several shades of blue, red, and white. The bodice was then slightly pleated from the shoulders to the bust, and perfectly tight-fitting below. The skirt was made without a flounce, though cut to fall full towards the foot, and was trimmed down the seams with the passementerie, fastened here and there with buttons similar to those on the bodice. Another blue serge, also of a fine texture, fitted accurately over the shoulders, and was just slightly gathered into the figure under a band of twine-brown satin ribbon for a waist-belt. It was trimmed down the front and from the shoulder to the bust on either side with a pointed appliqué of twine-coloured cord, a similar ornament forming points on the sleeves in place of an epaulette. The hat worn with this had a puffed crown of brown silk with a brim of white chip and trimming of white ostrich feathers and puffings of lace.

A few such gowns as this form a pleasing contrast amid the great crowd of loose coats, but it cannot be denied that they are less comfortable, inasmuch as they must fit more accurately than the folded or pleated vests

that humdrum "serviceable and tidy" idea; as to ease, she will have that too very often, but she will have it in her own way—and that is by being loose and fluffy instead of trim, and straight, and stiff. The blouse, the extinction of which has always been threatened by the envious dressmaker, who does not care for a garment that can be bought to fit the majority of figures straight out of a shop-window, is really not likely to depart from fashion, because it so exactly suits the Frenchwoman's idea of comfort, and at the same time can be made quite decorative without losing its essential characteristics. Trimmed with lace insertion or edging, fluffed with chiffon, tucked in various artful ways, the blouse of silk, or voile, or muslin, or grenadine, in endless variety, makes the "knockabout" seaside toilette of the Frenchwoman smart and individual, instead of a uniform of serge coat and skirt.

Alpaca has been used by the French dressmakers this year much as serge is made up here—it forms the material of the great majority of their dresses; and while it may be quite plain, it can easily be made as smart as you happen to wish that it shall be. A pink alpaca sent from Paris, in response to an order for "a smart dress for the afternoon on the *plage*," was adorned with a series of graduated tucks, from the deep hem-like footing one to the tiniest pretence of a tuck that was the eleventh, and came well above the knee. The bodice, cut off short at the waist-line, boasted a double belt—a half Swiss-shaped deep one of guipure and a narrow band of ruby velvet fastened with a paste buckle; the alpaca bodice pouched a little over the belts, and was trimmed with a yoke of guipure, under which bands of ruby velvet

turned back from the face and audaciously trimmed with wired bows of ribbon-velvet, harmonising cleverly in shape with those on the skirt. The other frock is of white lawn, with a shaped overdress of black lace, edged and given firmness by black satin-and-velvet ribbon. The tucks which profusely trim the skirt are rather original: they are slightly full and do not lie quite flat, by reason of being cut on the cross instead of straight. The bodice is a trifle open at the neck, and is worn with a feather boa to draw across the opening when the heated concert-room is exchanged for the fresh air on the balcony outside. The toque is of pleated white *crêpe* decorated with black Mercury's wings.

For wear in washing-dresses for the seaside there is no material equal to Irish linen. Blue linen is my favourite, but then that is perhaps because blue, the colour of hope and of peaceful skies, is my best-liked hue at all times. Red linen, however, is much used—not brick-red or scarlet, though you can get either, but a dainty deep rose-pink should be chosen. This trims well with white piqué. An effective red linen dress shown to me at a good house had a yoke and skirt trimmings of white piqué simulating tucks—you might have supposed that at regular intervals the red blossomed into ribbed rows of white on the smooth rosy surface. Another had a short linen coat and white piqué vest, to be worn with a long white silk stock. A simulated zouave of white guipure looked well on a blue linen bodice, and the skirt was tucked from high at the back to low in front, the linen flounces edged with lace to match. Only a thick sort of lace looks in place on linen.

FLORENA.







## A NEW STEAMER TO IRELAND.

Another fast twin-screw steamer, the *Galtee More*, has been designed and built at the Loven Ship-Yard, Dumbarton, specially for the Holyhead and Greenore service of the London and North-Western Railway Company. As is well known, Greenore is the centre of a rapidly developing tourist resort, and the railway company have already put two fast twin-screw steamers—the *Rosstrevor* and *Conemara*—on this route. In many respects the *Galtee More* is similar to the *Conemara*. She is 284 ft. long on the water-line, 35 ft. beam, and 23 ft. deep. The lines are fine, and she has a very handsome appearance. Accommodation has been provided for saloon and steerage passengers. The first-class dining-saloon is situated on the main deck, just forward of the boilers. The state-rooms, which are immediately adjacent, are ranged along the boiler casing at each side, a few special state-rooms being situated on the bridge deck. The companion leading from the saloon to the main deck is large and roomy. The smoking-room is aloft the companion on the bridge deck. On the lower deck there is a large sleeping-apartment fitted all round with sofas. The boat deck is carried right out to the side of the ship and supported on stanchions, thus forming a cover for the spacious promenade on the bridge deck. The steerage accommodation is on the main and lower decks aft. The space on the main deck is fitted all round with seats and has dining-tables in the centre. At the fore end of this apartment there is a large pantry and bar. On the lower deck the accommodation consists of ten sleeping apartments. The vessel is fitted with steam steering-gear in a house on the poop, controlled from the bridge by shafting. The "*Galtee More*" is fitted throughout with electric light, the telegraphs, steering standards, sidelights, and masthead being also lighted by electricity. The arrangements were carried out in the company's electrical works at Crewe. Special attention has been devoted to the ventilation of the passenger spaces, the appliances for this being of the most complete description. Passengers by this service leave London (Euston) at 6.30 p.m., arriving at Greenore at 6.15, Belfast at 8.50, and Londonderry at 10.30 a.m. It is worthy of note that this route offers

special facilities for reaching Ireland on Monday mornings. Passengers leave London (Euston) at 8.45 p.m. on Sunday evening by the sleeping-saloon express, and reach Greenore at 6.55 and Belfast at 9.50 on Monday morning.

The death is announced of Edward Francis Willis, founder of the Oxford Mission at Calcutta, and formerly Vice-Principal of Cuddesdon under Dr. King. Mr. Willis.



THE NEW STEAM-SHIP "GALTEE MORE."

who was a man of great nobility of character, had been for fifteen years a complete mental wreck. He broke down in India in 1883, and had to be sent home. The mother who had given him up in thankfulness received him back in humility, and for the remainder of her days watched over him in his helplessness.

The intending tourist in Wales will find it not unprofitable to turn over the pleasantly illustrated pages of "*Cambria Through a Camera*," a publication which is in effect a guide-book to the picturesque Principality. The Cambrian Railways Company is ready to take the visitor by the most convenient routes to all the interesting places pictured and described in the book.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 16, 1896) of Mr. Charles Townshend Murdoch, M.P., of Buckhurst, Wokingham, and 1, Pall Mall East, formerly one of the partners in Ransome, Bouverie, and Co., who died on July 7, was proved on Aug. 6 by Mrs. Sophia Murdoch, the widow, Sir John Edward Dorington, and Henry Fleetwood Fuller, the executors, the value of the estate being £137,885, and the net personal £85,709. After confirming his marriage settlement, the testator gives £500, such an annual sum as with the income of her settlement will make up £3000 a year, and the use and enjoyment for life of Buckhurst, with the furniture and contents, to his wife; and £100 each to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his children; but any sums settled or advanced to them in his lifetime are to be brought into hotchpot.

The will (dated July 13, 1897) of the Rev. Edward George Baldwin-Childe, J.P., of Kyre Park, Worcester, formerly Vicar of Kinlet and Cleobury Mortimer, Salop, who died on Feb. 2, has been proved in the Worcester District Registry by Mrs. Frances Christina Baldwin-Childe, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £111,020 and the net personal £44,967. The testator devises all his manors, lands, hereditaments, and premises in the counties of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester, and known as the Kyre Estates, and also his freehold messuages at Cleobury Mortimer, upon trust, to pay rent charges of £100 per annum each to his god-daughters Florentina Herbert and Harriet Childe Pemberton, for life, and subject thereto to his wife for life, with remainder to his nephew William Shakespeare Childe Pemberton for life, with remainder to his great-nephew John Arthur Childe Freeman, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male. Should his nephew, the said W. S. Childe Pemberton, succeed to the Kinlet estates, he is to forfeit his interest in the above property. He also bequeaths £100 each to Parker Leighton and J. A. Childe Freeman; and on the decease of his wife, £5000 each to his great-nephews George and Arthur Childe. The old Kyre pictures,

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## "PRINCE'S PLATE."

(Regd. 71,552.)

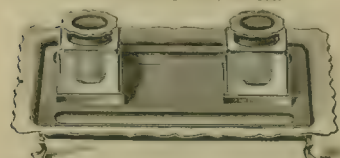
Guaranteed to retain its splendid appearance and wear like Silver for 25 Years.



James I. Entree Dish and Cover, in Prince's Plate, £4 5s. In Sterling Silver, £13 5s.



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James I. Afternoon Tea-Service. Ebony Handle and Knob to Teapot.

	Prince's Plate.	Sterling Silver.
Teapot, 1 pint	£2 15 0	£4 10 0
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Cream-Jug	1 8 0	1 13 0
Tea Set	£5 7 6	£7 19 0
18 in. T. Set	£4 10 0	£13 13 0



James I. 6 Bottle Dinner Cruet, with Cut-Glass Bottles, in Prince's Plate, £5 5s. In Sterling Silver, £10 15s.



James I. Egg Frame and Spoons with 6 Egg-Cups, interiors richly gilt, in Prince's Plate, £4 5s. In Sterling Silver, £9 15s.



Registered Design. James I. Biscuit-Box, in Prince's Plate, £2 10s. In Sterling Silver, £8.



James I. Breakfast-Cruet and Spoons, in Prince's Plate, £1 10s. In Sterling Silver, £3 15s.



Registered Design. James I. Preserve-Stand, in Prince's Plate, £1 16s. In Sterling Silver, £4 5s.



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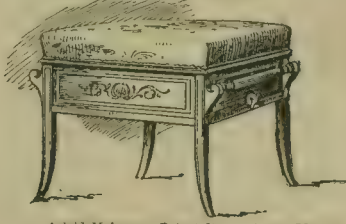


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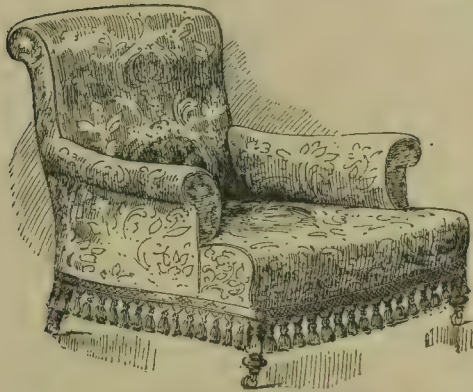
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Octagonal Top,  
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Very Handsome Carved Walnut Chair, produced from an old model, with Silk Cushion, height 38 in., width 26 in., depth 18 in., 60s.



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and plate with the Pytts crest, name, or monogram, are to go as heirlooms with the Kyre settled estates. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated Feb. 9, 1897), with two codicils (dated Nov. 30, 1897, and April 2, 1898), of Mr. Edward Leo Rowcliffe, J.P., D.L., of 19, Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park, and Hall Place, Hascombe, Surrey, who died on July 4, was proved on Aug. 10 by Thomas Rawle and Edward Leo Rowcliffe, the nephew, the executors, the value of the estate being £96,801, and the net personal £62,760. The testator gives his house, 19, Cumberland Terrace, with the furniture and household effects therein, to his nephew, William Charles Rowcliffe; £1800 and 100 guineas to his sister-in-law Emma, Lady Tenderden; £800, upon trust, for his sister-in-law Charlotte Matthews, for life, and then to his niece Caroline Waller; £800 each to his brother-in-law, William Henry Bailey, his niece Caroline Waller, and his sister-in-law Amelia Pollock; £100 to the Surrey County Hospital; £200 to the Vicars of Hascombe and Cranleigh, upon trust, to apply the income thereof for the keeping in repair and paying the water-rate of two fountains erected by him, one at Hascombe and one in the Guildford Road; and many other legacies and annuities to relatives and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his nephew Edward Leo Rowcliffe.

The will (dated Nov. 1, 1894), with a codicil (dated Nov. 6, 1895), of Algernon William George, Baron Carbery, of Castle Freke, County Cork, who died at Malvern on June 12, was proved in London on Aug. 5 by Mary, Lady Carbery, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £91,178 and of the net personal £18,833. The testator gives shares in the Cannon Brewery to the value of £30,000 to be applied in the purchase of land and to follow the trusts of the Carbery settled estates; and £20,000, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then as she shall appoint to his younger children. The residue of his property he leaves to Lady Carbery.

The will (dated May 13, 1896) of Mr. Charles Joseph Percival, of 2, Garrick Mansions, Charing Cross Road, and Cornebella, Westgate-on-Sea, who died on June 21, was



OAKLEY HUNT PRESENTATION.

Captain Hugh E. Browning has recently been the recipient of a very handsome testimonial, on his retirement from the Mastership of the Hounds, by his numerous friends in the Oakley country. The presentation took the form of an equestrian statuette modelled in silver, and is a fine specimen of the silversmith's art. It was designed and manufactured by Messrs. Mappin Brothers, of Regent Street and Cheapside.

proved on Aug. 5 by James Lee, George Appleyard, Frederick John East, and Ernest Herbert Eldridge, the executors, the value of the estate being £85,922. The testator gives £1000, his jewels, and all articles of domestic and household use and ornament at Cornebella, to his wife, Mrs. Caroline Elizabeth Percival; his furniture and effects at Garrick Mansions, and an annuity of £150, to his sister Harriet Percival; and £200 each to his executors, J. Lee, G. Appleyard, and E. H. Eldridge. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay one

fourth of the income thereof to his wife for life, and subject thereto, upon trust, for his daughters.

The will (dated Aug. 31, 1892) of Mr. John Charles Bowman, of Barkway, Herts, who died on April 13, was proved on Aug. 3 by Charles Bowman Vaughan, the brother, and Herbert James Garrod, the executors, the value of the estate being £41,214. The testator gives his furniture and household effects, and an annuity, during widowhood, of £300, to his wife, Mrs. Emma Bowman; and £100 each to his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his children.

The will (dated Feb. 22, 1898) of Mr. Thomas Courtney, of Ida Villa, Rosemont Road, Richmond, who died on March 17, was proved on July 28 by Miss Emma Courtney, the sister and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £31,432. The testator bequeaths £500 each to the Church Missionary Society and the British and Foreign Bible Society; £100 each to Guy's Hospital, the Middlesex Hospital, the Brompton Consumption Hospital, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, St. Thomas's Hospital, St. George's Hospital, the Royal Hospital (Richmond), St. Pancras Almshouses (Kentish Town), the National Life-Boat Society, and the National Orphan Home for Fatherless Girls (Ham Common); £50 to the Ramsgate Harbour Mission; £20 each to the Malden Road, Kentish Town, Provident Dispensary, and the Richmond (Surrey) Dispensary; £2000 to his sister; £200 each to Mrs. Finney and Emma Nicholls; £500 to Frederick Bernard, senior, and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his sister.

The will of Mr. Leopold Lowenstam, of Woodcroft, Three Bridges, artist etcher, who died on May 28, was proved on Aug. 5 by Mrs. Alice Lowenstam, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £2038.

The will (dated Nov. 8, 1897), with a codicil (dated April 23, 1898), of the Rev. Percival Frost, F.R.S., of 15, Fitzwilliam Street, Cambridge, who died on June 5, was proved on Aug. 5 by the Rev. Charles Colquhoun Morris and Henry Gaselee, the executors, the value of the estate being £10,104. The testator bequeaths £500 to his nephew, Percy Hollingworth Frost; £50 to the

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removes DRYNESS, prevents Baldness, and being specially purified and refined, does not have the greasy effect of most oils. For Fair or Grey Hair you should always use

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Rev. C. C. Morris; and £300, his household furniture and effects, and the copyright of all his books and publications to his wife. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then, upon further trusts, for his son Charles and his wife and family.

The will of Mrs. Mary Jemima Pym, of 18, Cambridge Road, West Brighton, who died on June 14, has been proved by Frederick William Pym, the son, and Jeffrey Charles St. Quentin, the executors, the value of the estate being £4496.

There would seem to be no end to the possibilities of the camera. New patterns are always finding success on the market, while the older-established instruments maintain their popularity. For a holiday tour any of the Eastman Company's instruments will be found a useful companion. Perhaps, for choice, their excellent No. 4 Cartridge Kodak is as serviceable and reliable a camera as one could mention. The Company has depôts in Clerkenwell, Cheapside, Oxford Street, and Regent Street.

The steadily growing popularity of pleasure trips by sea is proved by the fact that the New Palace Steamers Company's excursions to Southend, Margate, Ramsgate, Boulogne, and Ostend are being more largely patronised this year than at any former time. The average daily booking for each of the company's magnificent steamers is increasing considerably, which is not surprising when the low fares are taken into account.

## ART NOTES.

The Continental Gallery (New Bond Street) impartially endows the season and the off-season with "leading pictures from the Paris Salons." These are obviously not ready for crossing the Channel until the end of the summer, and ungrateful as it may sound, their further delay on the other side would not have deprived us of much enjoyment. To start with, we must assume that the pictures in question are those with which neither the discriminating public nor the much-enduring State would have anything to do. Whether English buyers will prove less recalcitrant is another matter, for most certainly among the hundred pictures displayed it would be strange if some did not meet with appreciation. There is something impressive in M. P. Aubin's "Quiet Retreat" (3), with its broad and effective treatment of the purple cypresses and grey olive trees against the sunburnt, scanty herbage and sandy soil; and Señor Soriano's "Desgraciada" (93) possesses a certain touch of pathos, although the theme is rather threadbare—the daughter who has returned to die in the hospital, her forgiving mother tenderly bending over her, the stern father holding back, and the innocent little sister crying beside them all. The painting throughout is vigorous and careful, but there is a want of space in the arrangements. M. Tattegrain's "Great Catch of Whiting" (109) is not to be compared with Mr. Napier Hemy's "Pilchards." There

is very little sense of work in the figures of the men, and the sea is dull and flat. M. Maraton's "Corner of the Laboratory" (64) is a study of guinea-pigs, all unconscious of their coming doom, which should commend itself by clever painting, as well as by its moral to anti-vivisectionists; and M. Mesple's contributes two clever pastels of ballet girls. To what purpose such works as M. Leempoels' "Sagesse Idéale" (44) and his even duller "Enigme" (46), M. Lotus's "Indiscrètes" (49), M. Royer's "Judgment of Paris" (86), and many others are exhibited, it is impossible to hazard a guess, unless it be to comfort English painters that they can paint and draw in France as astonishingly in defiance of all principles of truth and beauty as in our own country, and that the French salons contain as many pretentious failures as our own galleries.

There is seldom any time given by the House of Commons to discuss the various votes taken for art objects, and the purchasing subheads of the South Kensington grant pass altogether unchallenged. Nevertheless, there are anomalies which, one would think, required explanation. For example, the special favour accorded to the Keeper of the Wallace Gallery as compared with his fellow-Keepers of the National Portrait and Tate Galleries seems to need elucidation, whilst the ground upon which the newly appointed Keeper of the National Gallery, who came without a day's previous experience,

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should receive the maximum salary of this post at once is a still greater mystery. The Keeper of the Wallace Collection, whose duties are for the present at least limited to making a catalogue, receives an actually higher salary by nearly one hundred pounds per annum than the "Keeper, Director, and Secretary" of the National Portrait Gallery, who has not only to compile a catalogue but to administer a "going" concern and to purchase pictures to keep up its historical interest. At the same time, the Keeper of the Tate Gallery, an artist of achieved distinction, who has before him the prospect of constantly increasing duties, has to content himself with a salary never reaching more than two-thirds of that accorded

at starting to the unknown official who was pitchforked so unceremoniously into the post which Mr. Eastlake had held for so many years in Trafalgar Square. It would be extremely interesting to know who is responsible for these strangely varying rates of salary, and what relation they bear respectively to the duties expected from the recipients.

The Welsh colliers' strike has caused in the last half-year a loss of £136,000 in freights of mineral traffic on the Great Western Railway lines, besides the increased cost of coal for working the lines, and the indirect loss of trade. Application has been made to the Judges for an order to

restrain the local Board of Guardians from levying a poor-rate to give outdoor relief to able-bodied men who continue to refuse work.

The British Pharmaceutical Society has held its annual meeting this year at Belfast, presided over by Dr. C. Symes, with very good success, having been accorded an excellent reception by the Lord Mayor and other inhabitants of that city.

The Board of Trade report on bankruptcies for the year 1897 shows a decrease of 142 in the number of failures and of £750,000 in the total amount of liabilities, compared with the preceding year.

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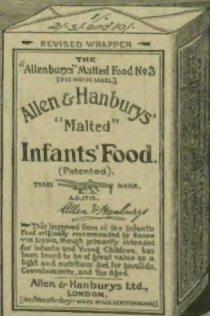
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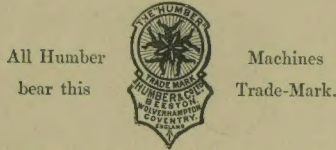
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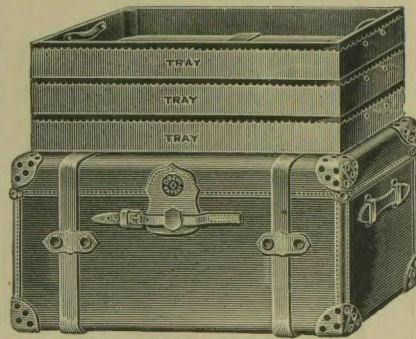
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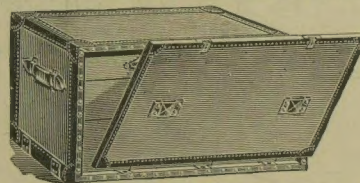
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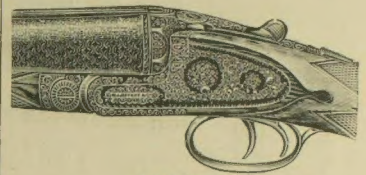
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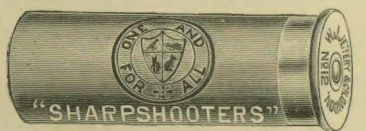
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